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POETRY.

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PUTTING IN THE SHADE.

'Twas his little daughter's portrait —
Child as a lily fair;
Clear as some crystal stream her eye,
Sunlit her golden hair.
He blent his colors tenderly;
Love was in every hue
That decked the canvas pale, whereon
His darling's face he drew.

"What dost thou, darling father, now?"
The little maid would say;
"And why that darkness on the brow
I saw not yesterday?
Such sombre hues are not for me —
I love the light," she said.
"My little daughter," answered he,
"I'm putting in the shade.

"'Twere not a perfect picture, if
The dark lights were away;
To show the brightness needeth yet
The help of shadows grey:
Be patient, little maiden mine, —
No shadow without sun!
How dark was needed thou shalt see
When all the work is done!"

O 'twas the Master Painter, in
Her early morning tide,
That called that little maiden from
Her doating father's side;
And left the old man weeping lone
Beside her little face,
Still smiling from the canvas in
Its innocence and grace.

"'Tis well, O Heavenly Master! well!"
The old man softly said;
"To make my picture perfect, thou
Art putting in the shade:
Be patient, restless spirit, then —
No shadow without sun!
That dark was needed thou wilt see
When all the work is done."

Month.

SPRINGTIME.

Lo! already a fern new-born
Curls in the hedgerow his mimic horn,
And the primrose hourly edges aside
The leafy driftage of wintertide;
Far in the vale, where the woods are still,
Stands a delicate daffodil;
Hasting brooks in the prime of the year
Murmur merrily, — April's here,
With gentle rains and westerly vanes,
Buttercup-buds and daisy-chains.

Between moist meadow and sunlit sky
The sad-voiced plover is circling high;
Sudden and loud through larch and fir
Rings the laugh of the woodpecker;

And the wagtail flirts his plumage pied
In snatches of flight by the waterside;
Garden voices that late were dumb
Whistle and warble, — a time will come
For shade of leaves and pillage of sheaves
And swallows a-twitter in last year's eaves.

Lo! she comes, in the old sweet ways
The happy April of other days,
Maiden April, merry of mien,
Trips afield in the meadow green;
Sick or sound, or sorry or glad,
Utter it, echo it, lass and lad,
Lad and lass in the youth of the year
Echo it, utter it, — April's here,
Then comes May, pleasure and play,
Holiday-dance and roundelay.
Cornhill Magazine. A. T. K.

IN THE FLOODS.

"A disbramarsi la decenne sete."

BROAD reaches of chill water overflowing
Shiver and take no rest,
Under the grey wind that goes blowing, blowing,
Into the ashen west.

Wet ways and leafless woods and meadows
lonely,
Hearing, hear not my cry:
O love, love, come to me and give me only
One kiss before I die.

Out of the world, in pleasant grassy closes
Of pleached garden ground,
Where no floods come nor east wind shakes
the roses,
My lost love goes, rose-crowned.

Ah, if in infinite time I might but find her,
Where in that luminous air
She walks, with trellised moss-roses behind
her,
The sunlight on her hair:

Love, I would say, for Love's own sake, whose
guerdon
Is life at worst or best,
Take this tired life that is so sore a burden
Away, and give me rest.

Would she not listen, in her own sweet fashion?
Would she not pity and take
The life half dead with unavailing passion
Its ten years' thirst to slake?

Then, as I turned out of her presence, weep-
ing,
Might not she likewise say
Softly: O heart, but now thou art in my keep-
ing,
Thou shalt not go away?
Longman's Magazine. J. W. MACKAIL.

From The Church Quarterly Review.
BISHOP THIRLWALL.*

THE friends of Bishop Thirlwall have done scant justice to his memory. The list of works which we have placed at the head of our article shows that three persons have been employed either in editing such of his works as it was thought proper to republish, or in recounting some few particulars of a life which ought, we think, to have been related with greater detail and a more lucid arrangement of materials. We are told by Dean Perowne that "the bishop's life was not an eventful life." It certainly was not, in the ordinary sense of the word, eventful. A biography which relates the ever-changing incidents of a bustling career, spiced with good stories and more or less indiscreet revelations of matters hitherto kept secret, is doubtless a very entertaining, and in a certain sense valuable, production. We think, however, that the narrative of such a life as Bishop Thirlwall's might, in good hands, have been made more valuable and quite as entertaining. It is true that he rarely quitted his peaceful retreat at Alvergwilli; but, paradoxical as it sounds, he was no recluse. He took part in spirit, if not in bodily presence, in all the important events, political, religious, and literary, of his time; and when he chose to break silence in speech or pamphlet no one could command a more undivided attention or exercise a more powerful influence. Those, however, who wish to

know what he was must make a conception of him for themselves out of his works, for they will derive but little help from his biographers and editors, if we except the brief but deeply interesting preface written by Dean Perowne. Mr. Stokes, the author of the very meagre thread of narrative which connects together the letters published in 1881, had not the advantage of knowing Bishop Thirlwall personally, and does not appear to have possessed the qualities essential to a biographer. Important events of the bishop's life are either left altogether unnoticed, or treated so scantily that they might as well have been omitted. It has been stated that Bishop Thirlwall's own dislike of even alluding to past controversies operated as a reason for omitting certain subjects, as, for instance, the Rev. Rowland Williams's letter to him and his reply; but surely such sentimental considerations ought not to have been allowed to interfere with the completeness of an historic picture. Dean Perowne tells us in his preface that the materials for the biography are "scanty and imperfect." This good-natured effort to save the character of his colleague only serves to bring out more clearly the unfitness of the latter for the task which he undertook. The scantiness of the materials rendered it all the more necessary that the editor should have made the most of those submitted to him — should have used every care in illustrating them, and should have supplemented them with all the information attainable in the way of dates, references, and the like. This view of his duties does not seem to have presented itself to Mr. Stokes. Again, we may ask, why did not Dean Stanley, at whose suggestion Mr. Stokes was employed, collaborate with him? We can conceive no reason for publishing the "Letters to a Friend" in a separate volume, and many for inserting them in their proper place in the other series. They deal with no distinct class of subject; but, on the contrary, elucidate many points left obscure in the volume published in the following year, and which seems to have been intended as the final "Life and Letters" of the bishop. His life, as we understand the word, has yet

* 1. *Remains, Literary and Theological, of Connop Thirlwall, late Lord Bishop of S. David's*. Edited by J. J. STEWART PEROWNE, D.D. Vol. 1: Charges delivered between the years 1842 and 1860. Vol. 2: Charges delivered between the years 1863 and 1872. 8vo. London, 1877.

2. *Essays, Speeches, and Sermons*. By CONNOP THIRLWALL, D.D., late Lord Bishop of S. David's. Edited by J. J. STEWART PEROWNE, D.D. 8vo. London, 1880.

3. *Letters to a Friend*. By CONNOP THIRLWALL, late Lord Bishop of S. David's. Edited by the Very Rev. ARTHUR PENRYN STANLEY, D.D. 8vo. London, 1881.

4. *Letters, Literary and Theological, of Connop Thirlwall, late Lord Bishop of S. David's*. Edited by the Very Rev. J. J. STEWART PEROWNE, D.D., Dean of Peterborough, and the Rev. LOUIS STOKES, B.A., Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. With Annotations and Preliminary Memoirs by the Rev. LOUIS STOKES. 8vo. London, 1881.

5. *Letters to a Friend*. New Edition. London, 1882.

to be written; and we fear death has removed most of those who could perform the task in a manner worthy of the subject. For ourselves, all that we propose to do is to try to set forth his talents and his character, by the help of the materials before us, and of such personal recollections as we have been able to gather together.

Connop Thirlwall was born February 11, 1797. His father, the Rev. Thomas Thirlwall, minister of Tavistock Chapel, Broad Court, Long Acre, lecturer of S. Dunstan, Stepney, and chaplain to the celebrated Thomas Percy, Lord Bishop of Dromore, resided at Mile End. We can give no information about him except the above list of his preferments; and of Connop's mother we only know that her husband describes her as "pious and virtuous," and anxious to "promote the temporal and eternal welfare" of her children. She had the satisfaction of living long enough to see her son a bishop.* Connop must have been a fearfully precocious child. In 1809 the fond father published a small duodecimo volume entitled "Primitiæ; or, Essays and Poems on Various Subjects, Religious, Moral, and Entertaining. By Connop Thirlwall, eleven years of age." The first of these essays is dated "June 30, 1804. Seven years old;" and in the preface the father tells us:—

In the short sketch which I shall take of the young author, and his performance, I mean not to amuse the reader with anecdotes of extraordinary precocity of genius; it is, however, but justice to him to state, that at a very *early* period he read English so well that he was taught Latin at three years of age, and at four read Greek with an ease and fluency which astonished all who heard him. From that time he has continued to improve himself in the knowledge of the Greek, Latin, French, and English languages. His talent for composition appeared at the age of seven, from an accidental circumstance. His mother, in my absence, desired his elder brother to write his thoughts upon a subject for his improvement, when the young author took it into his head to ask her permission to take the pen in hand too. His request was of course complied with,

without the most remote idea he could write an intelligible sentence, when in a short time he composed that which is first printed, "On the Uncertainty of Life." From that time he was encouraged to cultivate a talent of which he gave so flattering a promise, and generally on a Sunday chose a subject from Scripture. The following essays are selected from those lucubrations.

We will quote a passage from one of these childish sermons, written when he was eight years old. The text selected is, "Behold, I will add unto thy days fifteen years" (Isaiah xiii. 6); and, after some commonplaces on the condition of Hezekiah, the author takes occasion from the day, January 1, 1806, to make the following reflections:—

I shall now consider what resolutions we ought to form at the beginning of a new year. The intention of God in giving us life was that we might live a life of righteousness. The same ever is His intention in preserving it. We ought, then, to live in righteousness and obey the commandments of God. Do we not perceive that another year is come, that time is passing away quickly, and eternity is approaching? and shall we be all this while in a state of sin, without any recollection that the kingdom of heaven is nearer at hand? But we ought, in the beginning of a new year, to form a resolution to be more mindful of the great account we must give at the last day, and live accordingly: we ought to form a resolution to reform our lives, and walk in the ways of God's righteousness; to abhor all the lusts of the flesh, and to live in temperance; and resolve no more to offend and provoke God with our sins, but repent of them. In the beginning of a new year we should reflect a little: although we are kept alive, yet many died in the course of last year; and this ought to make us watchful.

There is not much originality of thought in this; indeed, it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that the paternal sermons, to which the author doubtless listened every Sunday, suggested the form, and possibly the matter, of these essays. What meaning could a child of eight attach to such expressions as "the lusts of the flesh," or "repentance," or "eternity"? Still, notwithstanding this evident imitation of others in the matter, the style has a remarkable individuality. Indeed, just as the portrait of the child which is pre-

* Letters, etc., p. 177.

fixed to the volume recalls forcibly the features of the veteran bishop at seventy years of age, we fancy that we can detect in the style a foreshadowing of some of the qualities which rendered that of the man so remarkable. There is the same orderly arrangement of what he has to say, the same absence of rhetoric, the same logical deduction of the conclusion from the premisses. As we turn over the pages we are struck by the extent of reading which the allusions suggest. The best English authors, the most famous men of antiquity, are quoted as if the writer were familiar with them. The themes, too, are singularly varied. We find "An Eastern Tale," which, though redolent of "Rasselas," is not devoid of originality and has considerable power of description; an "Address" delivered to the Worshipful Company of Drapers at their annual visit to Bancroft's School, which is not more fulsome than such compositions usually are; and lastly, half-a-dozen poems, which are by far the best things in the book. Let us take, almost at random, a few lines from the last: "Characters often Seen, but little Marked: a Satire." A young lady, called Clara, is anxious to break off a match, and lays her plot in the following fashion:—

The marriage eve arrived: she chanced to meet

The unsuspecting lover in the street;
Begins an artful, simple tale to tell.

"I'm glad to see your future spouse so well,
But I just heard—" "What?" cries the curious swain.

"You may not like it; I must not explain."

"What was the dear, delusive creature at?"

"Oh! nothing, nothing, only private chat."

"A pack of nonsense! it cannot be true!"

"As if, dear girl, she could be false to you!"

Here, again, there may not be much originality of thought, but the versification is excellent, and the whole piece of surprising merit, when we reflect that it was written by a child. Yet, whatever may be the worth of this and other pieces in the volume before us as a promise of future greatness, we cannot but pity the poor little fellow, stimulated by the inconsiderate vanity of his parents to a priggish affectation of teaching others when

he ought to have been either learning himself or at play with his schoolfellows; and we can thoroughly sympathize with the bishop's feelings respecting the book. The lady to whom the "Letters to a Friend" were written had evidently asked him for a copy, and obtained the following answer:—

I am sure that if you knew the point in my foot which gives me pain you would not select that to kick or tread upon; and I am equally sure that if you had been aware of the intense loathing with which I think of the subject of your note you would not have recalled it to my mind. When Mrs. P.—, in the simplicity of her heart, and no doubt believing it to be an agreeable subject to me, told me at dinner on Thursday that she possessed the hated volume, it threw a shade over my enjoyment of the evening, and it was with a great effort that, after a pause, I could bring myself to resume the conversation. If I could buy up every copy for the flames, without risk of a reprint, I should hardly think any price too high. Let me entreat you never again to remind me of its existence.*

In 1809 young Thirlwall was sent as a day scholar to the Charterhouse, the choice of a school having very likely been determined by the fact that his father resided at the east end of London. The records of his school days are provokingly incomplete; nay, almost a blank. We should like to know whether he was ever a boy in the ordinary sense of the word; whether he ever played at games,† or got into mischief, or obtained the distinction of a flogging. As far as his studies were concerned, he was fortunate in going to the Charterhouse when that excellent scholar Dr. Raine was head master, and in being the contemporary of several boys who afterwards distinguished themselves, among whom may be specially mentioned his life-long friend Julius Charles Hare, and George Grote, with whom, in after years, he was to be united by an identity of literary work. His chief friend, however, at this period was not

* Letters to a Friend, p. 155.

† Dean Perowne mentions (Preface, p. viii.) that "at school he did not care to enter into the games and amusements of the other boys, but was to be seen at play-hour withdrawing himself into some corner with a pile of books under his arm."

one of his schoolfellows, but a young man named John Candler,* a Quaker, resident at Ipswich. Several of the letters addressed to him during the four years spent at Charterhouse have fortunately been preserved. When we remember that these were written between the ages of twelve and sixteen, they must be regarded as possessing extraordinary merit. They are studied and rather stilted compositions, evidently the result of much thought and labor, as was usual in days when postage cost eightpence; but they reveal a wonderfully wide extent of reading, and an interest in passing events not usual in so ardent a student as the writer evidently had even then become. Young Candler was "a friend to liberty" and an admirer of Sir Francis Burdett. His correspondent criticises the popular hero and the mob, who, "after having broken the ministerial windows and pelted the soldiers with brickbats, have gone quietly home and left him to his meditations upon Tower Hill," with much severity. Most thoughtful boys are fond of laying down the lines of their future life in their letters to their schoolfellows; but how few there are who do not change their opinions utterly, and end by adopting some profession wholly different from that which at first attracted them! This was not the case with Thirlwall. We find him writing at twelve years old in terms which he would not have disdained at fifty. "I shall never be a bigot in politics," he says; "whither my reason does not guide me I will suffer myself to be led by the nose by no man."† "I would ask the advocates for confining learning to the breasts of the wealthy and the noble, in whose breasts are the seeds of sedition and discontent most easily sown? In that of the unenlightened or well-informed peasant? In that of a man incapable of judging either of the disadvantages of his station or the means of ameliorating it? . . . These were long since my sentiments."‡ And, lastly, on the burning question of Parliamentary reform: "Party prejudice must own it rather contradictory to reason and common sense that a population of one hundred persons should have two represen-

tatives, while four hundred thousand are without one. These are abuses which require speedy correction."* He had evidently been taken to see Cambridge, and was constantly looking forward to his residence there. His anticipations, however, were not wholly agreeable. At that time he did not care much for classics. He thought that they were not "objects of such infinite importance that the most valuable portion of man's life, the time which he passes at school and at college, should be devoted to them." In after-life he said that he had been "injudiciously plied with Horace at the Charterhouse," and that, in consequence, "many years elapsed before I could enjoy the most charming of Latin poets."† He admits, however, that he is looking forward "with hope and pleasing anticipation to the time when I shall immerse myself" at Cambridge; and he makes some really admirable reflections, most unusual at that period, on university distinctions and the use to be made of them.

There is one particular in which I hope to differ from many of those envied persons who have attained to the most distinguished academical honors. Several of these seem to have considered the years which they spent at the University not as the time of preparation for studies of a severer nature, but as the term of their labors, the completion of which is the signal for a life of indolence, dishonorable to themselves and unprofitable to mankind. Literature and science are thus degraded from their proper rank as the most dignified occupations of a rational being, and are converted into instruments for procuring the gratification of our sensual appetites. This will not, I trust, be the conduct of your friend. Sorry indeed should I be to accept the highest honors of the University were I from that time destined to sink into an obscure and useless inactivity.‡

An English translation of the "*Pensées de Pascal*" had fallen in his way; and, in imitation of that great thinker, he had formed a resolution, of which he begs his friend to remind him in future years, to devote himself wholly to such studies (among others to the acquisition of a knowledge of Hebrew) as would fit him for the clerical profession. We shall see that he never really faltered from these intentions; for, though he was at one time beset with doubts as to his fitness to perform the practical duties of a clergyman, he was from first to last a

* Candler was seven years older than Thirlwall. He was junior assistant in a draper's shop at Ipswich, and afterwards set up in business on his own account at Chelmsford, where he became a leading member of the Society of Friends. He died, nearly eighty years of age, in 1872. We have not been able to ascertain how he became acquainted with Thirlwall.

† Letters, etc., p. 7.

‡ Letters, etc., p. 17.

* Letters, p. 8.

† Letters to a Friend, p. 225.

‡ Letters, etc., p. 21. The letter is dated December, 1813, when the writer was sixteen years old.

theologian, and only admitted other studies as ancillary to that central object.

Thirlwall left Charterhouse in December, 1813, and proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October of the following year. How he spent the interval has not been recorded—probably, like many other boys educated at a purely classical school, in doing his best to acquire an adequate knowledge of mathematics, to his deficiency in which there are frequent references. He was so far successful in his efforts that he obtained the place of 22nd senior optime in 1818, when he proceeded in due course to his degree. Meanwhile, however great his distaste for the classics might have been at school, he had risen to high distinction in them; for he obtained the Craven University scholarship when only a freshman, as well as the Bell scholarship, and in the year of his degree the first chancellor's medal.* In the autumn of the same year he was elected fellow of his college. It is provoking to have to admit that our record of what may be termed the first part of his Cambridge career must begin and end here. Of the second portion, when he returned to his college and became assistant tutor, we shall have plenty to say hereafter; but of his undergraduate days no record has been preserved. He had the good fortune to enter his college when the society there was exceptionally brilliant; among his contemporaries were Sedgwick, Whewell, the two Waddingtons, his old friend Hare, who gained a fellowship in the same year as himself, and many others who contributed to make that period of university history a golden age. We can imagine him in their company "moulding high thought in colloquy serene," and taking part in anything which might develop the general culture of the place; but beyond the facts that he was secretary to the Union Society in 1817, when the "debate was interrupted by the entrance of the proctors, who laid on its members the commands of the vice-chancellor to disperse, and on no account to resume their discussions,"† and that he had acquired a

high reputation for eloquence as a speaker there,* we know nothing definite about him. He does not appear to have made any new friends; but as Julius Hare was in residence during the same period as he was, the two doubtless saw much of each other; and it is probably to him that Thirlwall owed the love of Wordsworth which may be detected in some of his letters, his fondness for metaphysical speculation, and his wish to learn German. The only letters preserved are addressed to his old correspondent Mr. Candler, and to his uncle Mr. John Thirlwall, and they give us no information special to Cambridge. He dwells on his fondness for ancient history, on his preference for that of Greece over that of Rome; he records the addition of the Italian and German languages to his stock of acquisitions; and describes with enthusiasm his yearning for foreign travel, which each year grew stronger.

I certainly was not made to sit at home in contented ignorance of the wonders of art and nature, nor can I believe that the restlessness of curiosity I feel was implanted in my disposition to be a source of uneasiness rather than enjoyment. Under this conviction I peruse the authors of France and Italy, with the idea that the language I am now reading I may one day be compelled to speak, and that what is now a source of elegant and refined entertainment may be one day the medium through which I shall disclose my wants and obtain a supply of the necessities of life. This is the most enchanting of my day-dreams; it has been for some years past my inseparable companion. And, apt as are my inclinations to fluctuate, I cannot recollect this to have ever undergone the slightest abatement.†

The letter from which we have selected the above passage was written to his uncle in 1816; in another, written a few months later to his friend Mr. Candler, he enters more fully into his difficulties and prospects. The earlier portion of the letter is well worth perusal for the insight it affords into the extent of his reading and the originality of his criticisms; but it is the concluding paragraph which is

* Professor Monk, who had examined Thirlwall on one of these occasions, was so much struck with the vigor and accuracy of his translations that he remarked to a friend, who had also had experience of his worth as a scholar, "Had I been sitting in my library, with unlimited access to books, I could not have done better." "Nor so well," was the reply.

† Cooper's *Annals of the town and University of Cambridge*, iv. 516. The words between inverted commas in our text are from a pamphlet entitled "A Statement regarding the Union, an Academical Debating Society, which existed at Cambridge from February 13,

1815, to March 24, 1817, when it was suppressed by the Vice-Chancellor." The "statement" is evidently official, and is thoroughly business-like and temperate. The vice-chancellor was Dr. Wood, master of St. John's College; the officers of the society were: Mr. Whewell, *President*; Mr. Thirlwall, *Secretary*; Mr. H. J. Rose, *Treasurer*. The late Professor Selwyn, in a speech at the opening of the new Union building, October 30, 1866, stated that on the entrance of the proctors the president said, "Strangers will please to withdraw, and the House will take the message into consideration."

* Autobiography of John Stuart Mill, p. 125.

† Letters, etc., p. 31.

specially interesting to a biographer. We do not know to what influences the change was due, but it is evident that his mind was passing through a period of unrest; his old determinations had been, at least for the moment, uprooted, and he looked forward with uncertain eyes to an unknown future. "My disinclination to the Church," he says, "has grown from a motive into a reason." The bar had evidently been suggested to him as the only alternative, and on that dismal prospect he dilates with unwonted bitterness. It would take him away from all the pursuits he loved most dearly, and put in their place "the routine of a barren and uninteresting occupation," in which not only would the best years of his life be wasted, but — and this is what he seems to have dreaded most — his loftier aspirations would be degraded, and when he had become rich enough to return to literature he would feel no inclination to do so.

The fellowship examination in 1818 having ended in Thirlwall's election, he was free to go abroad, and at once started alone for Rome. At that time Niebuhr was Prussian envoy there, and Bunsen his secretary of legation. Thirlwall was so fortunate as to bring with him a letter of introduction to Madame Bunsen, who had been a Miss Waddington, cousin to Professor Monk, and had married Bunsen about a year before Thirlwall's visit. The following amusing letter from Madame Bunsen to her mother gives an interesting picture of Thirlwall in Rome: —

March 16, 1819. — Mr. Hinds and Mr. Thirlwall are here. . . . My mother has, I know, sometimes suspected that a man's abilities are to be judged of in an *inverse ratio* to his Cambridge honors; but I believe that rule is really not without exception, for Mr. Thirlwall is certainly no dunce, although, as I have been informed, he attained high honors at Cambridge at an earlier age than anybody except, I believe, Porson. In the course of their first interview Charles heard enough from him to induce him to believe that Mr. Thirlwall had studied Greek and Hebrew in good earnest, not merely for *prizes*; also that he had read Mr. Niebuhr's Roman History proved him to possess no trifling knowledge of German; and, as he expressed a wish to improve himself in the language, Charles ventured to invite him to come to us on a Tuesday evening whenever he was not otherwise engaged, seeing that many Germans were in the habit of calling on that day. Mr. Thirlwall has never missed any Tuesday evening since, except the *moccoli* night and one other when it rained dogs and cats. He comes at eight o'clock, and never stirs to go away till everybody else has wished good-night,

often at almost twelve o'clock. It is impossible for any one to behave more like a man of sense and a gentleman than he has always done — ready and eager to converse with anybody that is at leisure to speak to him, but never looking fidgety when by necessity left to himself; always seeming animated and attentive, whether listening to music, or trying to make out what people say in German, or looking at one of Goethe's songs in the book while it is sung. And so there are a great many reasons for our being *very much* pleased with Mr. Thirlwall; yet I rather suspect him of being very cold and very dry; and although he seeks, and seeks with general success, to understand everything, and in every possible way increase his stock of ideas, I doubt the possibility of his understanding anything that is to be *felt* rather than *explained*, and that cannot be reduced to a system. I was led to this result by some most extraordinary questions that he asked Charles about Faust (which he had borrowed of us, and which he greatly admired nevertheless, attempting a translation of one of my favorite passages, which, however, I had not pointed out to him as such), and also by his great fondness for the poems of Wordsworth, two volumes of which he insisted on lending to Charles. These books he accompanied with a note, in which he laid great stress upon the necessity of reading the author's *prose essays on his own poems*, in order to be enabled to relish the latter. Yet Mr. Thirlwall speaks of Dante in a manner that would seem to prove a thorough taste for his poetry, as well as that he has really and truly studied it; for he said to me that he thought no person who had taken the trouble to understand the whole of the *Divina Commedia* would doubt about preferring the "Paradiso" to the two preceding parts, an opinion in which I thoroughly agree.*

As Mr. Thirlwall can speak French sufficiently well to make himself understood, and as he has *something to say*, Charles found it very practicable to make him and Professor Bekker acquainted, though Professor Bekker has usually the great defect of *never* speaking but when he is prompted by his own inclination, and of never being *inclined to speak* except to persons whom he has long known — that is, to whose faces and manners he has become accustomed and whose understanding or character he respects or likes. . . . In conclusion, I must say about Mr. Thirlwall that I was prepossessed in his favor by his having made up in a marked manner to Charles rather than to myself. I had no difficulty in getting on with him, but I had all the advances to make; and I can never think the worse of a young man, just fresh from college and unused to the society of women, for not being at his ease with them at first.

It is vexatious that Thirlwall's biographers should have failed to discover — if

* An old friend of Bishop Thirlwall informs us that he retained his preference for the "Paradiso" in after years.

indeed they tried to discover — any information about his Roman visit, to which he always looked back with delight, occasioned as much by the friends he had made there as by "the memorable scenes and objects" he had visited.* So far as we know, the above letter is the only authority extant. We should like to have heard whether Thirlwall had, or had not, any personal intercourse with Niebuhr, whom we have reason to believe he never met; and to what extent Bunsen influenced his future studies. We find it stated in Bunsen's life that he determined Thirlwall's wavering resolutions in favor of the clerical profession.† This, we shall see, is clearly a mistake; but, when we consider the strong theological bias of Bunsen's own mind, it does seem probable that he would direct his attention to the modern school of German divinity. We suspect that Thirlwall had been already influenced in this direction by the example, if not by the direct precepts, of Herbert Marsh, then Lady Margaret's professor of theology at Cambridge,‡ who had stirred up a great controversy by translating Michaelis's "Introduction to the New Testament," and by promoting a more free criticism of the Gospels than had hitherto been thought permissible. However this may be, it is certain that the friendship which began in Rome was one of the strongest and most abiding influences which shaped Thirlwall's character, and just half a century afterwards we find him referring to Bunsen as a sort of oracle in much the same language that Dr. Arnold was fond of employing.

We must pass lightly and rapidly over the next seven years of Thirlwall's life. He entered as a law student at Lincoln's Inn in February, 1820, and in 1827 returned to Cambridge. In the intervening period he had given the law a fair trial; but the more he saw of it the less he liked it. It is painful to think of the weary hours spent over work of which he could say, four years after he had entered upon it, "It can never be anything but loathsome to me;" § "my aversion to the law has not increased, as it scarcely could, from the first day of my initiation into its mysteries;" or to read his pathetic utterances to Bunsen, describing his wretchedness, and the delight he took in his brief

excursions out of law into literature, consoling himself with the reflection that perhaps he gained in intensity of enjoyment what he lost in duration. With these feelings it would have been useless for him to persevere; but we think it not improbable that much of his future eminence as a bishop might have been due to his legal training. As a friend has remarked, "he carried the temper, and perhaps the habit, of equity into all his subsequent work." Even in these years, however, law was not allowed to engross his whole time. From the beginning he had laid this down as a fixed principle. He spent his vacations in foreign travel, and every moment he could snatch from law was devoted to a varied course of reading, of which the main outcome was a translation of Schleiermacher's "Critical Essay on the Gospel of St. Luke,"* to which his friend Hare had introduced him. To those who take the trouble of reading this almost forgotten piece of criticism it will appear strange that Thirlwall should have spent so much time over such a curious specimen of misplaced ingenuity. The explanation is to be found, we think, in the opportunity it afforded him for studying the whole question of the origin and authorship of the synoptic Gospels, and, as the title-page informs us, for dealing with the contributions to the literature of the subject which had appeared since Bishop Marsh's "Dissertation on the Origin and Composition of our three first Canonical Gospels," published in 1801. In this direct reference to Marsh's work, we find a confirmation of our theory that Thirlwall owed to him his position as a critical theologian, though we can hardly imagine a greater difference than that which must have existed in all other matters between the passionate Toryism of the one and the serene Liberalism of the other.

Thirlwall's return to Cambridge took place in 1827, and he at once undertook his full share of college and university work.† His friend Hare had set the example in 1822 by accepting a classical lectureship at Trinity College at the urgent request of Mr. Whewell, then lately appointed to one of the tutorships,‡ and

* A Critical Essay on the Gospel of St. Luke. By Dr. Frederick Schleiermacher. With an introduction by the translator, containing an account of the controversy respecting the origin of the first three Gospels since Bishop Marsh's dissertation. 8vo. London: 1825.

† Between 1827 and 1832 he held the college offices of Junior Bursar, Junior Dean, and Head Lecturer. In 1828, 1829, 1832, and 1834 he was one of the examiners for the Classical Tripos.

‡ See Dean Stanley's memoir of Archdeacon Hare,

* Letter to Bunsen, November 21, 1831, Letters, etc., p. 99.

† Memoirs of Baron Bunsen, i. 339.

‡ Marsh was professor from 1807 to 1839. The first volume of his translation of Michaelis had appeared in 1793.

§ Letters, etc., p. 55.

Thirlwall had paid visits to him in the long vacations of 1824 and 1825. It is probable that at one of these visits the friends had planned their translation of Niebuhr's "History of Rome," and that the convenience of working at it together determined the precise period of Thirlwall's return to the university. The first volume was far advanced in 1827, and published early in 1828. The second did not appear until 1832. The publication of what Thirlwall rightly terms "a wonderful masterpiece of genius" in an English dress formed an epoch in historical and classical literature in this country. Yet, notwithstanding its pre-eminent excellence, the work of the translators was bitterly attacked in various places, but particularly in a note appended to an article in the *Quarterly Review*, a criticism which is now remembered only as having called forth a reply known in the university as "Hare's bark and Thirlwall's bite."* The pamphlet consists of sixty-three pages, of which sixty belong to the former, and a "Postscript," of little more than two, to the latter. It is probable that Hare's elaborate vindication of his author, his brother translator, and himself, had but little effect on any one; Thirlwall's indignant sarcasms — worthy of the best days of that controversial style in which he subsequently became a master — must have made the writer feel ashamed of himself. He had expressed pity that the translators should have wasted "such talents on the drudgery of translation." Thirlwall took exception to the phrase, and pointed out that their intellectual labor did not deserve to be so spoken of.

On the other hand, intellectual labor prompted and directed by no higher consideration than that of personal emolument appears to me to deserve an ignominious name; nor do I think such an employment the less illiberal, however great may be the abilities exerted, or the advantages purchased. But I conceive such labor to become still more degrading, when it is let out to serve the views and advocate the opinions of others. It sinks another step lower in my estimation, when, instead of being applied to communicate what is excellent and useful, it ministers to the purpose of

excluding from circulation all such intellectual productions as have not been stamped with the seal of the party to which it is itself subservient. But when I see it made the instrument of a religious, political, or literary proscription, forging or pointing calumny and slander, to gratify the malice of hotter and weaker heads against all whom they hate and fear, I have now before me an instance of what I consider as the lowest and basest intellectual drudgery. I leave the application of these distinctions to the *Quarterly Reviewer*.

In 1831 the two friends started the publication of the *Philological Museum*. It had a brief but glorious career. Only six numbers were published, but they contained "more solid additions to English literature and scholarship" than had up to that time appeared in any other journal. We are glad to see that Dean Perowne has republished seven of Thirlwall's contributions, among which is the well-known essay "On the Irony of Sophocles." In 1832, when Mr. Hare left Cambridge, his friend succeeded him as assistant tutor, to give classical lectures to the undergraduates on Whewell's "side." For a time all went well. His lectures were exceedingly popular with those capable of appreciating them, as was shown by the large attendance not only of undergraduates, but of the best scholars in the college, men who had already taken their degrees, and who were working for the fellowship examination or for private improvement. They were remarkable for translations of singular excellence, and for an exhaustive treatment of the subject, as systematic as Hare's had been desultory, as we learn from traditions of them which still survive, and from two volumes of notes which now lie before us, taken down at a course on the *Ethics of Aristotle*. Moreover Thirlwall was personally popular. He was the least "donnish" of the resident fellows, and sought the society of undergraduates, inviting the men who attended his lectures to walk with him or to take wine at his rooms after Hall. He delighted in a good story, and used to throw himself back in his chair, his whole frame shaking with suppressed merriment, when anything especially humorous struck his fancy. He had one habit which, had it been practised with less delicacy, might have marred his popularity. He was fond of securing an eager but inconsiderate talker, whom he drew out, by a series of subtle questions, for the amusement of the rest. So well known was this peculiarity among his older friends that after

prefixed to the third edition of "The Victory of Faith." 1874.

* A Vindication of Niebuhr's "History of Rome" from the Charges of the *Quarterly Review*. By Julius Charles Hare, M.A. Cambridge, 1829. The passage commented on will be found in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1829 (vol. xxxix., p. 8). The first edition of Niebuhr's own work had been highly praised in an article in the same review for June, 1825 (vol. xxxii. p. 67).

one of his parties a person who had not been present has been heard to inquire from another who had just left his rooms, "Who was fool to-day?"

In 1834 Thirlwall's connection with the educational staff of the college was rudely severed by the celebrated controversy respecting the admission of Dissenters to degrees. This debate has been long since forgotten in the university; but the influence which it exercised on Thirlwall's future career, as well as its own intrinsic interest, point it out for particular notice. We had occasion in a recent article* to sketch the changes which took place in the university between 1815 and 1830. It will be remembered that the stormy period of our political history which is associated with the first Reform Bill fell between those dates. It was hardly to be expected that Cambridge should escape an influence by which the country was so profoundly affected. Indeed, it may be cited as a sign of the absorbing interest of that question, that it did affect the university so seriously; for there is ample evidence that in the previous century external events, no matter how important, had made but little impression. In 1746 we find the poet Gray lamenting that his fellow academicians were so indifferent to the march of the Pretender; and even the French Revolution excited but a languid enthusiasm, though Dr. Milner, the vice-chancellor, and his brother Heads, did their best to draw attention to it by expelling from the university Mr. Frend, of Jesus College, for writing a pamphlet called "Peace and Union," which advocated the principles of its leaders. With the Reform Bill of 1830, however, the case was very different. Sides were eagerly taken; discussions grew hot and angry; old friends became estranged; and, years afterwards, when children of the next generation asked questions of their parents about some one whose name was mentioned in their hearing, but with whom they were not personally acquainted, the common answer they received was: "That is Mr. So-and-so; he used to be very intimate with us before the Reform Bill; but we never speak now."

Among other matters then debated was the exclusion of Dissenters from participation in the advantages of the universities. The propriety of imposing tests at matriculation, and on proceeding to degrees, especially to degrees in the faculties of

law and physic, had been from time to time debated, both in the university and in the House of Commons. The ancient practice had, notwithstanding, been steadily maintained. On one occasion, in 1773, the House had even gone so far as to decline, by a majority of one hundred and forty-six, to receive a petition on the subject. In December, 1833, however, Professor Pryme offered graces to the Senate for appointing a syndicate to consider the abolition or the modification of subscription on graduation. The "Caput" rejected them. In February of the following year, Dr. Cornwallis Hewett, Downing professor of medicine, offered similar graces to consider the subject with special reference to the faculty of medicine. This also was rejected by the "Caput." These two rejections, following so closely upon each other, made it evident that the authorities of the university were not disposed so much as to consider the subject. It was therefore determined to extend the field of the controversy, and at once to apply to the legislature. A meeting was held at Professor Hewett's rooms in Downing College, at which it was agreed to present an identical petition to both Houses of Parliament. The document began by stating the attachment of the petitioners to the Church of England, and to the university as connected therewith; and further, their belief "that no civil or ecclesiastical polity was ever so devised by the wisdom of man as not to require, from time to time, some modification from the change of external circumstances or the progress of opinion." They then suggested — this was the word they employed,

"that no corporate body, like the University of Cambridge, can exist in a free country in honor and safety unless its benefits be communicated to all classes as widely as may be compatible with the Christian principles of its foundation;" and urged "the expediency of abrogating by legislative enactment every religious test exacted from members of the University before they proceed to degrees, whether of Bachelor, Master, or Doctor, in Arts, Law, or Physic."

This petition was signed by sixty-two resident members of the Senate. Among them were two masters of colleges, Dr. Davy, of Caius, and Dr. Lamb, of Corpus Christi; and nine professors, Hewett, Lee, Cumming, Clark, Babbage, Sedgwick, Airy, Musgrave, Henslow; some of whom were either Conservatives, or very moderate Liberals. It was presented to the House of Lords by Earl Grey, and to the

* Half a Century of Cambridge Life, *Church Quarterly Review*, April, 1882.

House of Commons by Mr. Spring-Rice, member for the town of Cambridge. As might have been expected, it was met, after an interval of about ten days, by a protest, signed by one hundred and ten residents; which was shortly followed by a counter-petition to Parliament, signed by two hundred and fifty-eight members of the Senate, mostly non-residents — a number which would no doubt have been greatly enlarged had there been more time for collecting signatures.* These expressions of opinion, however, which showed that even resident members of the university were not unanimous in desiring the proposed relief, while non-residents were probably strongly opposed to it, did not prevent the introduction of a bill into the House of Commons to make it "lawful for all his Majesty's subjects to enter and matriculate in the universities of England, and to receive and enjoy all degrees in learning conferred therein (degrees in divinity alone excepted), without being required to subscribe any articles of religion, or to make any declaration of religious opinions respecting particular modes of faith and worship." The third reading of this bill was carried by a majority of eighty-nine; but it was rejected in the House of Lords by a majority of one hundred and two.

It will easily be imagined that these proceedings were watched with the greatest interest at Cambridge. Public opinion had risen to fever heat, and a plentiful crop of pamphlets was the result. It is difficult nowadays to read without a smile these somewhat hysterical productions, and to note the non-fulfilment of their prophecies of untold evils to come, should the fatal measure suggested by the petitioners ever pass into the statute-book. Among these, that which most concerns our present purpose is one by Dr. Thomas Turton, then Regius professor of divinity, and afterwards Lord Bishop of Ely, entitled, "Thoughts on the Admission of Persons, without regard to their Religious Opinions, to certain Degrees in the Universities of England." Dr. Turton was universally respected, and his pamphlet attracted great attention on that account, and also from the ability and ingenuity of the argument. He adopted the comparative method; and endeavored to prove the evils that would ensue from the intercourse of young men who differed widely

from one another in theological beliefs, by tracing the history of the theological seminary for Nonconformists, commenced by the celebrated Dr. Doddridge, in 1729, at Northampton, and subsequently removed to Daventry in 1751. The gauntlet thus thrown down was taken up by Mr. Thirlwall, who lost but little time in addressing to him a "Letter on the Admission of Dissenters to Academical Degrees." After stating briefly that what he was about to say would be said on his own responsibility, and that he did not come forward as "the organ or advocate" of those who had taken the same side as himself, many of whom, he thought, would not agree with him, he proceeded to attack the analogy between Cambridge and Daventry which Dr. Turton had attempted to establish. "Our colleges," he boldly asserted, "are not theological seminaries. We have no theological colleges, no theological tutors, no theological students." The statement was literally true; it might even be said to be as capable of demonstration as the first proposition of the first book of Euclid's "Elements of Geometry;" but uttered in that way, in a controversial pamphlet, in support of a most unpopular cause, it must have sounded like the blast of a hostile trumpet. This, however, was not all. Dr. Turton had claimed for the universities the same privilege which was enjoyed by Nonconformists, viz., the possession of colleges where those "principles of religion alone are taught which are in agreement with their own peculiar views." Mr. Thirlwall, therefore, proceeded to inquire whether the colleges, though not theological seminaries, might be held to be schools for religious instruction. This question again he answered in the negative; and his opponent having placed in the foremost rank among the privileges long exercised by the universities (1) the relation of tutor to pupil, (2) the chapel services, (3) the college lectures, he proceeded to examine whether these could "properly be numbered among the aids to religion which this place furnishes." To him it appeared impossible, under any circumstances, to instil religion into men's minds against their will. "We cannot even prescribe exercises, or propose rewards for it, without killing the thing we mean to foster." The value of the three aids above enumerated had been, he thought, greatly exaggerated; and compulsory attendance at chapel — "the constant repetition of a heartless, mechanical service" — he denounced as a positive evil.

* The first petition was presented to the House of Lords on March 21, 1834; the protest is dated April 3; and the counter-petition was presented on April 21 in the same year.

My reason for thinking that our daily services might be omitted altogether, without any material detriment to religion, is simply that, as far as my means of observation extend, with an immense majority of our congregation it is not a religious service at all, and that to the few remaining it is the least impressive and edifying that can well be conceived.

He had no fault to find with the way in which the service was conducted; the outward decorum was nearly perfect.

But if this decorum were to be carried to the highest perfection, as it might easily be, if it should ever become a mode and a point of honor with the young men themselves, the thing itself would not rise one step in my estimation. I should still think, that the best which could be said of it would be, that at the end it leaves every one as it found him, and that the utmost religion could hope from it would be to suffer no incurable wounds.

As to any other purposes, foreign to those of religion, which may be answered by these services, I have here no concern with them. I know that it is sometimes said that the attendance at chapel is essential to discipline; but I have never been able to understand what kind of discipline is meant: whether it is a discipline of the body, or of the mind, or of the heart and affections. As to the first, I am very sensible of the advantage of early rising; but I think this end might be obtained by a much less circuitous process, and I suppose that it will hardly be reckoned among the uses of our evening service, that it sometimes proves a seasonable interruption to intemperate gaiety; but I confess that the word discipline, applied to this subject, conveys to my mind no notions which I would not wish to banish: it reminds me either of a military parade, or of the age when we were taught to be *good* at church.

As a remedy for the existing state of things he suggested a weekly service, "which should remind the young men of that to which they have, most of them, been accustomed at home." Such a service as this, he thought, "would afford the best opportunity of affording instruction of a really religious kind, which should apply itself to their situation and prospects, and address itself to their feelings."

Next he took the college lectures in divinity, and proceeded to show that, for the most part, they had no claim to be called theological. This part of his pamphlet excited even greater dissatisfaction than the other; and it must be admitted that it was by far the weakest part of his case. His statements were presently examined, and completely refuted, by Mr. Robert Wilson Evans, then a resident fellow of Trinity, who published a detailed account of the lectures on the New

Testament which he had given during the past year in his own college.

Up to this time Mr. Whewell had taken no part in the controversy, because he had felt himself unable "fully to agree with either of the contending parties." But his position as tutor of the college whence the denunciation of the existing system had emanated — for the system of Trinity College was practically the system of all the other colleges in the university also — compelled him, though evidently with the greatest reluctance, to break silence. He argued that Thirlwall's opinion, that we cannot prescribe exercises or propose rewards for religion without killing that which we fain would foster, strikes at the root of all connection between religion and civil institutions, such as an Established Church and the like; that external influences have always been recognized by Christian communities, and must have been used even in the case of those services at home which his opponent approved. Chapel service is nothing more than family prayers. If, therefore, we teach our students that compulsion is destructive of all religion, shall we not make them doubt the validity of the religion which was instilled into their minds at home? The aim of such ordinances and safeguards is to throw a religious character over all the business of life; to bind religious thought upon us by the strongest of all constraints — the constraint of habit. He admitted that all was not perfect in the chapel services as they existed; and lamented that the task of those who wished to make the undergraduates more devout would henceforward be harder than it had ever been before, through their consciousness of a want of unanimity among their instructors. A stated method is of use in religion as it is in other studies. What would become of men under the voluntary system? It is interesting to remark that in a subsequent pamphlet written a few months later — in September, 1834 — he spoke in favor of such a change in the Sunday service as Mr. Thirlwall had suggested. Towards the close of his mastership this change was effected, and a sermon was introduced at the second of the two morning services on Sundays. We are not aware, however, that the movement which resulted in this alteration was regarded with any special favor by the master.

Thirlwall's pamphlet is dated May 21; Whewell's four days later. On the 26th the master, Dr. Wordsworth, wrote to

Mr. Thirlwall, calling upon him to resign the assistant tutorship. The words used were:—

I trust you will find no difficulty in resigning the appointment of assistant tutor which I confided to you somewhat more than two years ago. Your continuing to retain it would, I am convinced, be very injurious to the good government, the reputation, and the prosperity of the college in general, to the interests of Mr. Whewell in particular, and to the welfare of the young men, and of many others.

In another passage he went further still:—

With respect to the letter itself, I have read it with some attention, and, I am sorry to say, with extreme pain and regret. It appears to me of a character so out of harmony with the whole constitution and system of the college that I find some difficulty in understanding how a person with such sentiments can reconcile it to himself to continue a member of a society founded and conducted on principles from which he differs so widely.

The heads of houses of that day regarded themselves as seated upon an academic Olympus, from whose serene heights they surveyed the common herd beneath them with a sort of contemptuous pity; and they not only exacted, but were commonly successful in obtaining, the most precise obedience from their subjects. In Trinity College, however, at least since the days of Dr. Bentley, the master had usually been in the habit of consulting the seniors before taking any important step; on this occasion, however, it is quite clear that the seniors were not consulted. The master probably thought that as he appointed the assistant tutors he could also remove them. We believe, however, that even in those days the master usually consulted the tutors before appointing their subordinates; and common courtesy would have suggested a similar course of action before dismissing a distinguished scholar. It is said that the master was advised to take the course he did by Mr. Hugh James Rose, who was in the university at the time, and on Whitsunday, May 18, had preached a sermon at Great St. Mary's on the "Duty of Maintaining the Truth," from St. Matt. x. 27: "What ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops." Thirlwall's letter, however, was not published before May 21, so that, unless the nature of it had been known beforehand, it is clear that anything which Mr. Rose had said in his sermon could not have referred to it. That

Thirlwall believed that there was some connection between the sermon, or at any rate the preacher, and his dismissal, is evident from the fact that when he showed the master's letter to one of the junior fellows, who expressed indignant surprise that such a course could have been taken, he remarked: "Ah! let this be a warning to you to preach truth, if need be, upon the housetops, but never under any circumstances to preach error."*

Thirlwall lost no time in obeying the master's commands, and then issued a circular to the fellows of the college, enclosing a copy of the master's letter, in order that they might learn what was "the power claimed by the master over the persons engaged in the public instruction of the college, and the manner in which it has been exercised;" and secondly, that he might learn from them how far they agreed with the master as to the propriety of his continuing a member of the society. On this point he entreated each of them to favor him with a "private, explicit, and unreserved declaration" of his opinions. It is needless to say that one and all desired to retain him among them; and the master's conduct was condemned by a large majority. It must not, however, be supposed that Thirlwall's own conduct was held to be free from fault. He was much blamed for having resigned so hastily, without consulting any one, as it would appear, except Whewell and Perry. Moreover, many of the fellows, among whom was Mr. Hare, condemned the master's action, and censured Thirlwall's rashness in publishing such sentiments while holding a responsible office, with almost equal severity. This feeling explains, as we imagine, the very slight resistance made to an act which, under any other circumstances, would have caused an explosion. The fellows felt that the victim had put himself in the wrong; and that, much as they regretted the necessity of submission, it was the only course to be taken. Thirlwall mentions in a letter to Professor Pryme that when he showed the master's communication to Whewell, the latter "expressed great regret," but "did not intimate that there could be any doubt as to our connection being at an end."

In reviewing the whole controversy at a distance of nearly half a century, with, we must admit, a strong bias in Thirlwall's favor, it is impossible not to admit

* Thirlwall was a regular attendant at Great St. Mary's, and no doubt heard the sermon in question.

that he fell into a very grave error. In all questions of college management it is most important that the authorities should appear, at any rate, to be unanimous; and there are some expressions in a private letter which he addressed to Whewell at the close of the controversy which indicate that by that time he had begun to take the same view. It is easy to see how he had been drawn into an opposite course. He had never considered that he had anything to do with the chapel discipline; he had agreed to attend himself, but he did not consider that such attendance implied approval of the system. His own attendance, as we learn from a contemporary, was something more than formal; he was rarely absent, morning or evening; and his behavior was remarkable for reverence and devotion. With him, religion had nothing to do with discipline; and it was infinitely shocking to his pure and thoughtful mind to defile things heavenly with things earthly. The far too rigorous rules of attendance which were then in force had exasperated the undergraduates, and their behavior, without being absolutely profane, was careless and irreverent. Talking was very prevalent, especially on surplice nights, when the music is choral. Thirlwall probably knew, from the friendly intercourse which he maintained with them, what their feelings were, and determined to do his best to get a system altered which produced such disastrous results. It must be remembered that at that time the Act of Uniformity prevented any shortening of the service. Whewell's mind was a very different one. Without being a bigot, he had a profound respect for the existing order of things; shut his eyes to any defects it might have, even when they were pointed out to him; and regarded attempts to subvert it, or even to weaken it, as acts of profanity.

It will be readily conceived that these events rendered Cambridge no pleasant place of residence for Thirlwall, deprived of his occupation as a teacher and unsupported by any particularly strong force of liberal opinion in the university. Yet he had the courage to make the experiment of continuing to live in college. He went abroad for the long vacation of 1834, and returned at the beginning of the October term. In a few weeks, however, the course of his life was changed by an unexpected event. Lord Melbourne's first ministry broke up, and just as Lord Chancellor Brougham was regretting that Sedgwick and Thirlwall were the only clergymen

who had deserved well of the Liberal party for whom he had been unable to provide, came the news of the death of one of the canons of Norwich and of the suicide of the rector of Kirby Underdale, a valuable but very secluded living in Yorkshire. He at once offered the canonry to Sedgwick and the rectory to Thirlwall. Both offers were accepted, we believe, without hesitation; and both appointments, though evidently made without regard to the special fitness of the persons selected, were thoroughly successful. Sedgwick threw himself into the duties of a cathedral dignitary with characteristic vigor; and Thirlwall, whose only experience of parochial work had been at Over, in Cambridgeshire, a small village without a parsonage, of which he was vicar for a few months in 1829, became a zealous and popular parish priest. His biographer records that "the recollection still survives of regular services with full and attentive congregations, including incomers from neighboring villages; of the frequent visits to the village school; of the extempore prayers with his flock, of which the larger number were Dissenters; of the assiduous attentions to the sick and poor." And his old friend, Archdeacon Hare, writing to Dr. Whewell in 1840, describes his work in his parish as "perfect," and holds up his example as "an encouragement" to his correspondent to go and do likewise.*

Thirlwall did not revisit Cambridge until 1842, when he stayed in Trinity College for two days during the installation of the Duke of Northumberland as chancellor. Such an occasion, however, does not give much opportunity for judging of the real state of the university. He paid a similar visit in 1847, when Prince Albert was installed. After this he did not see Cambridge again until the spring of 1869, when he stayed at Trinity Lodge with the present master, Dr. Thompson, and on Whitsunday, May 16, preached before the university in Great St. Mary's Church. He has himself recorded that he was never so much pleased with the place since he went up as a freshman, and has given an amusing description of a leisurely stroll round the backs of the colleges and through part of the town,† which, he might have added, he insisted upon taking without a companion. Those who conversed with him on that occasion remember that he was

* Life of Dr. Whewell, by Mrs. Stair Douglas, p.

211.
† Letters to a Friend, p. 191.

much struck by the changes which had taken place in the university since he had left it; and that he observed with pleasure the increased numbers of the undergraduates, and the movement and activity which seemed to reign everywhere.

It was at Kirby Underdale that Thirlwall wrote the greater part of the work on which his reputation as a scholar and a man of letters will chiefly rest — his "History of Greece" — of which the first volume had been published before he left Cambridge.* It is, perhaps, fortunate for the world that he had bound himself to produce the volumes at regular intervals, † and that his editor, Dr. Dionysius Lardner (whom he used to call "Dionysius the Tyrant"), was not a man to grant delays; for, had the conditions been easier, parochial cares and new interests might have retarded the production of it indefinitely, or even stopped it altogether. From the first Thirlwall had applied himself to the work with strenuous and unremitting energy. At Cambridge he used to work all day until half past three o'clock in the afternoon, when he might be seen leaving his rooms for a half hour's rapid walk before dinner, which then was served in hall at four o'clock; and in the country he is said to have spent sixteen hours of the twenty-four in his study. We do not know what the original design of the work, as part of the "Cabinet Cyclopædia," was, but we have it on Thirlwall's own authority that it was "much narrower than that which it actually reached," ‡ and before long it was further expanded into eight goodly octavos. The first of these was scarcely in the hands of the public when Grote's "History of Greece," published, like its predecessor, volume by volume, began to make its appearance. It was mentioned above that Grote and Thirlwall had been schoolfellows; but, though they met not unfrequently in London afterwards, Thirlwall knew so little of his friend's intentions that he had been heard to say, "Grote is the man who ought to write the history of Greece." When it did appear he at once welcomed it with enthusiasm. "High as my expectations were of it," he writes to Dr. Schmitz, "it has very much surpassed them all, and affords an earnest of something which has never been done for the

subject either in our own or any other literature;"* and to Grote himself, when the publication of four volumes had enabled him to form a maturer judgment, he not only used stronger words of praise, but contrasted it with his own history in terms which for generosity and sincerity can never be surpassed. After alluding to "the great inferiority" of his "own performance" he concludes as follows: "I may well be satisfied with that measure of temporary success and usefulness which has attended it, and can unfeignedly rejoice that it will, for all highest purposes, be so superseded."† It would be beside our present purpose to attempt a comparison of the relative merits of these two works, which, by a curious coincidence, had been elaborated simultaneously. They have many points of resemblance. Both originated in a desire to apply to the history of Greece those principles of criticism which Niebuhr had applied so successfully to the history of Rome; both were intended to counteract the misrepresentations of Mitford; both were the result of long and careful preparation. Grote has a decided advantage in point of style; he writes vigorous, "newspaper" English, as might be expected from a successful pamphleteer; while Thirlwall's periods are labored and somewhat wooden. But, notwithstanding Thirlwall's own feeling of Grote's superiority, and the precedence which his history has unquestionably taken up to the present time, we think it not improbable that posterity may reverse the verdict. Grote is always a partisan. We do not mean that he wilfully misrepresents facts; he certainly does not; but he unconsciously finds "extenuating circumstances" for those with whom he sympathizes, and condemns remorselessly those whose springs of action are alien to his own. We need only remind our readers of his treatment of Kleon and Nikias. Again, his busy life left him no leisure for acquiring exact scholarship; and many of his conclusions have been overthrown by critics who, inferior to him in power, possessed the indispensable knowledge of minute points of language in which he was deficient.‡ Thirlwall, on the contrary, holds the judicial balance with a firm hand. In estimating character his serene intellect

* The preface to the first edition of vol. i. is dated "Trinity College, June 12, 1835." The dates of the subsequent volumes are ii. iii., 1836; iv., 1837; v., 1838; vi., 1839; vii., 1840; viii., 1844.

† Letters, etc., p. 138.

‡ Preface to the second edition, dated "London, May, 1845."

* Letters, etc., p. 194. The letter is dated April 9, 1846.

† The personal life of George Grote, by Mrs. Grote, p. 173.

‡ Thucydides or Grote? By Richard Shilleto, M.A. 1851.

is never warped by partisanship, or by a wish to present old facts under a new face; while from his scholarship and critical power there is no appeal. The public will probably continue to read Grote; but we venture to prophesy that students will return to Thirlwall, even if they have not already done so.

After a residence of five years at Kirby Underdale Thirlwall was unexpectedly made Bishop of St. David's by Lord Melbourne. Lord Houghton, an intimate friend of both the bishop and the minister, has recorded that Lord Melbourne was in the habit not merely of reading, but of severely judging and criticising the writings of every divine whom he thought of promoting. By some accident the translation of Schleiermacher's essay had fallen in his way soon after it appeared; he had formed a high opinion of Thirlwall's share in the work, and so far back as 1837 had done his best to send the author to Norwich instead of Dr. Stanley. On this occasion the bishops whom the minister consulted regarded the orthodoxy of the views sustained in the essay as questionable, and Thirlwall's promotion was deferred. In 1840, however, Lord Melbourne got his way, and the bishopric of St. David's was offered in due form to the rector of Kirby Underdale. His first impulse was to refuse; but his friends persuaded him to go to London, and at least have an interview with Lord Melbourne. We do not vouch for the literal accuracy of the following scene, but it is too amusing not to be related. The time is the forenoon; the place, Lord Melbourne's bedroom. He is supposed to be in bed, surrounded by letters and newspapers. On Thirlwall's entrance he delivers the following allocution:—

Very glad to see you; sit down, sit down. Hope you are come to say you accept? I only wish you to understand that I don't intend, if I know it, to make a heterodox bishop. I don't like heterodox bishops. As men they may be very good anywhere else, but I think they have no business on the bench. I take great interest [he continues] in theological questions, and I have read a good deal of those old fellows [pointing to a pile of folio editions of the Fathers]. They are excellent reading, and very amusing. Some time or other we must have a talk about them. I sent your edition of Schleiermacher to Lambeth, and asked the Primate (Howley) to tell me candidly what he thought of it; and look, here are his notes in the margin. Pretty copious, you see. He does not concur in all your opinions, but he says there is nothing heterodox in your book.

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Had he objected I would not have appointed you.*

We should like to know how Thirlwall answered this strange defender of the faith; but tradition is silent on the point. Before leaving, however, the offer was accepted; and, with as little delay as possible, the bishop removed to his diocese and entered upon his duties.

Thirlwall's life as a bishop did not differ much, at least in its outward surroundings, from his life as a parish clergyman. The palace at St. David's having been allowed to fall to ruin, the bishop is compelled to live at Abergwili, a small village near Carmarthen, distant nearly fifty miles from his cathedral. Most persons would have regretted the isolation of such a position, but to Thirlwall the enforced solitude of Abergwili was thoroughly congenial. There he could read, as he delighted to do, "literally from morning till night." Except in summer time he rarely quitted "Chaos," as he called his library, where books lined the walls and shared with papers and letters the tables, chairs, and floor. It is curious that a man with so orderly a mind should have had such disorderly habits. His letters are full of references to lost papers; and when offers to arrange his drawers were made he would answer regretfully, "I can find nothing in them now, but if they were set to rights for me I should certainly find nothing then." Books accompanied him to his meals; and when he went out for a walk or a drive he read steadily most of the time. He does not seem to have had any favorite authors; he read eagerly new books in all languages and on all subjects. We believe that he took no notes of what he read; but his singularly powerful memory enabled him to seize all that he wanted, and, as may be seen from the collection of his writings which is now before us, to retain it until required for use. His charges, essays, and serious correspondence reveal his mastery of theological literature, both past and present; the strong mental grasp with which he applied the lessons of the past to the edification of the present; the wise tolerance for views which were not his own—a tolerance which yet had limits which sometimes, as we shall see, excited no little surprise—and, we may add, the terrible strength of his satire. The charming "Letters to a Friend" give us very pleas-

* Memoirs of Viscount Melbourne. By W. M. Torrens, M.P. Vol. II., p. 322. Lord Houghton in the *Fortnightly Review*, February, 1878.

ant glimpses of the gentler side of his character. We find from them that he took a keen interest in the general literature of England and the Continent, whether in philosophy, history, biography, fiction, poetry; and as he and his young correspondent exchanged their sentiments without restraint, we can enjoy to the full his criticisms, now serious, now playful, on authors and their productions, his generous appreciation of all that is noble in life or art. We must find room for one passage on George Eliot's last story, written in 1872, when he was seventy-five years old:—

I suppose you cannot have read "Middlemarch," as you say nothing about it. It stands quite alone. As one only just moistens one's lips with an exquisite liqueur to keep the taste as long as possible in one's mouth, I never read more than a single chapter of "Middlemarch" in the evening, dreading to come to the last, when I must wait two months for a renewal of the pleasure. The depth of humor has certainly never been surpassed in English literature. If there is ever a shade too much learning that is Lewes's fault.*

But there was another reason for his enjoyment of Abergwili. Student as he was, he delighted in the sights, the sounds, the air of the country. He never left it for his annual migration to London without regret, partly because it was so troublesome to move the mass of books without which he could not bear to leave home, but still more because the bustle and dust of London annoyed him; and in the midst of congenial society, and the enjoyment of music and pictures, his thoughts reverted with longing regret to his trees, his flowers, and his domestic pets. Even his books did not interest him as they did. He had begun his social relations with dogs and cats in Yorkshire, and an amusing story is told of the way in which the former disconcerted certain preparations for a formal reception of him when he came home after accepting the bishopric of St. David's, by jumping on his shoulders and excluding all human attentions.† At Abergwili he extended his affections to birds, and kept peacocks, pheasants, canaries, swans, and tame geese, which he regularly fed every morning, no matter what the weather might be. They treated him with easy familiarity, for they used to seize his coat-tails with their beaks to show their welcome. His flowers had to yield to the

tastes of his four-footed friends. One day his gardener complained, "What am I to do, my lord? The hares have eaten your carnations." "Plant more carnations," was his only reply. Fine summer weather would draw him out of "Chaos" into the field or garden; and one of his letters gives a delicious picture of his enjoyment of a certain June, sitting on the grass while the haymakers were at work in the field beyond, reading "The Earthly Paradise," and watching the movements of "a dear horse" who paced up and down with a rake to turn and toss the hay.*

It must not, however, be supposed that Bishop Thirlwall lived the life of an indolent man of letters. No bishop ever performed the duties of his position more thoroughly, or with greater sacrifice of personal care and comfort. His first care was to learn Welsh, and in a little more than a year he could read prayers and preach in that language. In his large and little-known diocese locomotion was not easy and accommodation often hard to obtain. Yet he visited every part of it, personally inspected the condition of the schools and churches (deplorable enough in 1840), and regularly performed the duties of confirmation, preaching and visitation. In the charge of 1866 he reviewed the improvements which had been accomplished up to that time, and could mention one hundred and eighty-three churches to the restoration of which the Church Building Society had made grants, and more than thirty parishes in which either new or restored churches were in progress. Besides these others had been restored by private munificence; others, including the cathedral, by public subscription; many parsonages had been built, livings had been augmented, and education had been largely increased.‡ To all these excellent objects he had himself been a munificent contributor, and we believe that from the beginning to the end of his episcopate he spent nearly 40,000*l.* in charities of various kinds.‡ Yet with all these claims on the gratitude of the clergy we are sorry to say that he was not personally popular. It would have been more wonderful perhaps had he been so. The Welsh clergy forty years ago were a rough and uncultivated body of men, narrow-minded and prejudiced, and with

* Ibid. p. 292.

† Charges, vol. ii., pp. 90-100.

‡ In his charge for 1851 (Charges, vol. i., p. 150) he announced his intention to devote the surplus of his income to the augmentation of small livings, and in 1866 he pointed out that the fund had up to that time yielded 24,000*l.* (ibid., vol. ii., p. 98).

* Letters to a Friend, p. 278.

† Ibid. p. 161.

habits hardly more civilized than those of the laborers around them. They were ill at ease with an English man of letters. He was to them an object of curiosity, possibly of dread. The new bishop intimated his wish that the clergy should come to his house without restraint, and when there should be treated as gentlemen and equals. This was of itself an innovation. In his predecessor's time when a clergyman called at Abergwili he entered by the back door, and if he stayed to dinner he took that meal in the house-keeper's room with the upper servants. Thirlwall abolished these customs and entertained the clergy at his own table. This was excellent in intention, but impossible in practice. The difference in tastes, feelings, manners, between the entertainer and the entertained made social intercourse equally disagreeable to both parties; and the bishop felt obliged to substitute correspondence for visits, as far as he was able so to do, reserving personal intercourse for the archdeacons, or those clergymen whose education enabled them to appreciate his friendship.* Again, the peculiar tone of his mind must be remembered. He was nothing if not critical; and, further, as one of his oldest friends once said in our hearing, "he was the most thoroughly veracious man I ever knew." He could not listen to a hasty, ill-considered remark without taking it to pieces, and demonstrating, by successive questions, put in a slow, deliberate tone of voice, the fallacy of the separate parts of the proposition, and, by consequence, of the whole. Hence he was feared and respected rather than beloved; and those who ought to have been proud of having such a man among them wreaked their small spite against him by accusing him of being inhospitable, of walking out attended by a dog trained to know and bite a curate, and the like. These slanders, of which we hope he was unconscious, he could not answer; those who attacked him in public he could and did crush with an accuracy of exposition, and a power of

sarcasm, for which it would be hard to find a parallel. We need only refer to his answers to Sir Benjamin Hall, M.P. for Marylebone, on the general question of the condition of the churches in his diocese, appended to his charge for 1851, and on the special case of the Collegiate Church of Brecon, in two letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury; or to the "Letter to the Rev. Rowland Williams," published in 1860. Mr. Williams had published some sermons, entitled "Rational Godliness," the supposed heterodoxy of which had alarmed the clergy of his diocese, seventy of whom had signed a memorial to the bishop, praying him to take some notice of the book: in other words, to remove the author from the college at Lampeter, of which he was vice-principal. The bishop had declined to interfere, and in his charge of 1857 had discussed the question at length, considering it, as was his manner, from all points of view, and, while he found much to blame, defending the author's intentions, on the ground of his own high opinion of his personal character. This, however, did not satisfy Mr. Williams. We cannot help suspecting that he was longing for a martyr's crown; and, indignant at not having obtained one, he addressed the bishop at great length in what he called "An Earnestly Respectful Letter on the Difficulty of bringing Theological Questions to an Issue." He described the charge as "a miracle of cleverness," but deplored its indefiniteness; he drew a picture of "a preacher in our wild mountains" who came to seek counsel from his bishop and got only evasive answers — "in all helps for our guidance Abergwili may equal Delphi in wisdom, but also in ambiguity" * — and entreated the bishop to declare plainly his own opinion on the questions raised. For once Bishop Thirlwall's serenity was fairly ruffled. Stung by the ingratitude of a man whom he had steadily befriended, and whose aim was, as he thought, to draw him into admissions damaging to himself, he struck with all his might and main, and, as was said at the time, "you may hear every bone in his adversary's body cracking." One specimen of the remarkable power of his reply must suffice. On the comparison of himself to the Delphic oracle he remarked:—

* He particularly disliked gossip. At Kirby Underdale the old sexton used to relate how Mr. Thirlwall said, "I never 'ears no tales;" and the following story shows that he maintained the same wise discretion after he became a bishop. One of his archdeacons thought it right to tell him that a certain clergyman in the diocese, who was a clever mimic, was fond of entertaining his friends with imitations of the bishop. Thirlwall listened, and then inquired, "Does he do me well?" "I am sure I cannot say, my lord," replied the informer; "I was never present myself at one of these disgraceful exhibitions." "Ah! I should like to know, because he does *you* admirably," replied the bishop. It is needless to say that no more stories were carried to his ears.

* An Earnestly Respectful Letter, 8vo, 1860, pp. 20-23. See also the Life and Letters of Rowland Williams, D.D., London, 1874, chap. xv., where his determination to make the bishop declare himself, under the belief that he really agreed with him, is expressly stated.

Even if I had laid claim to oracular wisdom I should have thought this complaint rather unreasonable; for the oracle at Delphi, though it pretended to divine infallibility, was used to wait for a question before it gave a response. But I wish above all things to be sure as to the person with whom I have to do. I remember to have read of one who went to the oracle at Delphi, "ex industriâ factus ad imitationem stultitiæ;" and I cannot help suspecting that I have before me one who has put on a similar disguise. The voice does not sound to me like that of a "mountain clergyman;" while I look at the roll I seem to recognize a very different and well-known hand. The "difficulties" are very unlike the expression of an embarrassment which has been really felt, but might have been invented in the hope of creating one. They are quite worthy of the mastery which you have attained in the art of putting questions, so as most effectually to prevent the possibility of an answer.*

But if Thirlwall's great merits were not fully appreciated in his own diocese there was no lack of recognition of them in the Church at large. Dean Perowne remarks most truly that he "did not belong to the modern type of bishop, whose efficiency is measured in common estimation by his power of speech and motion."† His seclusion at Abergwili largely increased his influence. It was known that he thought out questions for himself, without consulting his episcopal brethren or his friends, and without being influenced in any way, as even the most conscientious men must be, in despite of themselves, by the opinions which they hear expressed in society. Hence his utterances came to be accepted as the decisions of a judge; of one who, standing on an eminence, could take "an oversight of the whole field of ecclesiastical events,"‡ and from that commanding position could distinguish what was of permanent importance from that which possessed a merely controversial interest as a vexed question of the day. We have spoken of the advantages which he derived from his secluded life; it must be admitted that it had also certain disadvantages. The freshness and originality of his opinions, the judicial tone of his independent decisions, gave them a permanent value; but his want of knowledge of the opinions of those from whom he could not wholly dissociate himself, and, we may add, his indifference to them,

caused him to be not unfrequently misunderstood, and to be charged with holding views not far removed from heresy. "I will not call him an unbeliever, but a misbeliever," said a very orthodox bishop, whose love of epigram occasionally got the better of his charity. His brother bishops, like the Welsh clergy, feared him more than they loved him; they knew his value as an ally, but they knew also that he would never, under any circumstances, become a partisan or adopt a view which he could not wholly approve, merely because it seemed good to his order to exhibit unanimity. It was probably for this reason, as much as for his eloquence and power, that he had the ear of the House of Lords on the rare occasions when he addressed it. The peers knew that they were listening to a man who had the fullest sense of the responsibilities of the episcopate, but who would neither defend nor oppose a measure because "the proprieties" indicated the side on which a bishop would be expected to vote. Two only of his speeches are republished in the collection before us — on the civil disabilities of the Jews (1848), and on the disestablishment of the Irish Church (1869). We should like to have added to these that on the grant to the Roman Catholic college of Maynooth (1845), which seems to us to be equally worth preserving. On these occasions Bishop Thirlwall took the unpopular side at periods of great excitement; his arguments were listened to with the utmost attention, and in the case of the Irish Church it has been stated that no speech had a greater effect in favor of the measure than his.

In all Church matters he was a thorough Liberal. His view of the Church of England cannot be better stated than by quoting a passage from one of his letters. He had been reading Mr. Robertson's sermons; and after saying that their author was specially recommended to him by the hostility of the *Record*, "which I consider as a proof of some excellence in every one who is its object," he thus proceeds:—

He was certainly not orthodox after the *Record* standard, but might very well be so after another. For our Church has the advantage — such I deem it — of more than one type of orthodoxy: that of the High Church, grounded on one aspect of its formularies; that of the Low Church, grounded on another aspect; and that of the Broad Church, striving to take in both, but in its own way. Each has a right to a standing-place, none to exclusive

* A Letter to the Rev. Rowland Williams, *Svo.* 1860, p. 19.

† Preface to Letters, etc., p. vi.

‡ Dean Stanley's preface to the Letters to a Friend, p. xi.

possession of the field. Of course this is very unsatisfactory to the bigots of each party—at the two extremes. Some would be glad to cast the others out; and some yearn after a living source of orthodoxy, of course on the condition that it sanctions their own views. To have escaped this worst of evils ought, I think, to console every rational Churchman for whatever he finds amiss at home.

Had the bishop added that he wished each of these parties to have fair play, but that none should be exalted at the expense of the others, we should have had a summary of the principles which regulated his public life. Let it not, however, be supposed that he was an indifferent looker-on. He held that truth had many sides; that it might be viewed in different ways by persons standing in different positions; but still it was to him clear and definite, and based upon a rock which no human assailant could shake. This, we think, is the keynote which is struck in every one of those eleven most remarkable charges which are now for the first time collected together. We would earnestly commend them to the study of all who are interested in the history of the Church of England during the period which they cover. Every controversy which agitated her, every measure which affected her welfare, is discussed by a master hand; the real question at issue is carefully pointed out; the trivial is distinguished from the important; moderation and charity are insisted upon; angry passions are allayed; and while the liberty of the individual is perpetually asserted, the duty of maintaining her doctrines is strenuously inculcated. As illustrations of some of these characteristics we would contrast his exhaustive analysis of the Tractarian movement or the Gorham controversy with his conduct respecting "Essays and Reviews." In the one case he hesitated to condemn; he preferred to allay the terror with which his clergy were evidently inspired. In the other, though always "decidedly opposed to any attempt to narrow the freedom which the law allows to every clergyman of the Church of England in the expression of his opinion on theological subjects," he joined his brother bishops in signing the famous "Encyclical," which we now know was the composition of Bishop Wilberforce, because he thought that in this case the principles advocated led to a negation of Christianity.

There were many other duties besides the care of the diocese of St. David's to which the bishop devoted himself, but

these we must dismiss with a passing notice. We allude to his work in Convocation, as a member of the Ritual Commission, and as chairman of the Old Testament Revision Company. Gradually, however, as years advanced, his physical powers began to fail, and he resolved to resign his bishopric. This resolution was carried into effect in 1874. He retired to Bath, where he was still able to continue many of his old pursuits, and by the help of his nephew and his family, and notwithstanding blindness and deafness, to maintain his old interests. He died rather suddenly at last, July 27, 1875, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where, by a singularly felicitous arrangement, his remains were laid in the same grave as those of George Grote.

Regret has been often expressed that Bishop Thirlwall did not write more. We do not share this feeling. Had he written more he would have thought less, studied less, possessed in a less perfect degree that "*cor sapiens et intelligens ad discernendum judicium*"* which was never weary of trying to impart to others a portion of its own serenity. At seventy-six years of age, just before his resignation, he could say, "I should hesitate to say that whatever is best; but I have strong faith that it is *for* the best, and that the general stream of tendency is toward good;" and in the last sentence of his last charge he bade his clergy remark that even controversies were "a sign of the love of truth which, if often passionate and one-sided, is always infinitely preferable to the quiet of apathy and indifference."

* These words are inscribed upon Bishop Thirlwall's grave.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Walter seated himself beside Oona in the boat, and Hamish pushed off from the beach, there fell upon both these young people a sensation of quiet and relief for which one of them at least found it very difficult to account. It had turned out a very still afternoon. The heavy rains were over, the clouds broken up and dispersing, with a sort of sullen stillness, like a defeated army making off in dull haste, yet not without a stand here and there, behind the mountains. The

loch was dark and still, all hushed after the sweeping blasts of rain, but black with the reflections of gloom from the sky. There was a sense of safety, of sudden quiet, of escape, in that sensation of pushing off, away from all passion and agitation upon this still sea of calm. Why Oona, who feared no one, who had no painful thoughts or associations to flee from, should have felt this she could not tell. The sense of interest in, and anxiety for, the young man by her side was altogether different. That was sympathetic and definable; but the sensation of relief was something more. She looked at him with a smile and sigh of ease as she gathered the strings of the rudder into her hands.

"I feel," she said, "as if I were running away, and had got safe out of reach; though there is nobody pursuing me that I know of," she added, with a faint laugh of satisfaction.

The wind blew the end of the white wrapper round her throat towards her companion, and he caught it as she had caught the rudder ropes.

"It is I that am pursued," he said, "and have escaped. I have a feeling that I am safe here. The kind water, and the daylight, and you—but how should *you* feel it? It must have gone from my mind to yours."

"The water does not look so very kind," said Oona, "except that it separates us from the annoyances that are on land—when there are annoyances."

She had never known any that were more than the troubles of a child before.

"There is this that makes it kind. If you were driven beyond bearing, a plunge down there and all would be over—"

"Lord Erradeen!"

"Oh, I don't mean to try. I have no thought of trying; but look how peaceful, how deep, all liquid blackness! It might go down to the mystic centre of the earth for anything one knows."

He leaned over a little, looking down into those depths profound which were so still that the boat seemed to cut through a surface which had solidity; and in doing this put the boat out of trim, and elicited a growl from Hamish.

It seemed to Oona, too, as if there was something seductive in that profound liquid depth, concealing all that sought refuge there. She put out her hand and grasped his arm in the thrill of this thought.

"Oh, don't look down," she said. "I have heard of people being caught, in

spite of themselves, by some charm in it." The movement was quite involuntary and simple; but, on second thoughts, Oona drew away her hand, and blushed a little. "Besides, you put the boat out of trim," she said.

"If I should ever be in deadly danger," said Walter, with the seriousness which had been in his face all along, "will you put out your hand like that, without reflection, and save me?"

Oona tried to laugh again; but it was not easy; his seriousness gained upon her, in spite of herself.

"I think we are talking nonsense, and feeling nonsense; for it seems to me as if we had escaped from something. Now Hamish is pleased; the boat is trimmed. Don't you think," she said, with an effort to turn off graver subjects, "that it is a pity those scientific people who can do everything should not tunnel down through that centre of the earth you were speaking of, straight through to the other side of the world? Then we might be dropped through to Australia without any trouble. I have a brother there; indeed I have a brother in most places. Mamma and I might go and see Rob without any trouble, or he might come home for a dance, poor fellow; he was always very fond of dancing."

Thus she managed to fill up the time till they reached the isle. It lay upon the surface of that great mirror, all fringed and feathered with its bare trees; the occasional color in the roofs gleaming back again out of the water, a little natural fastness, safe and sure. As Oona was later in returning than had been expected, the little garrison of women in the isle was all astir and watching for her coming. Out of one of the upper windows there was the head of a young maid visible, gazing down the loch; and Mrs. Forrester, in her furred cloak, was standing in the porch, and Mysie half-way down to the beach, moving from point to point of vision.

"They are all about but old cookie," said Oona. "It is a terrible business when I am late. They think everything that is dreadful must have happened, and that makes a delightful sensation when I get home safe and well. I am every day rescued from a watery grave, or saved from some dreadful accident on shore, in my mother's imagination. She gives herself the misery of it, and then she has the pleasure of it," cried the girl, with the amused cynicism of youth.

"But to-day you bring a real fugitive

with you, an escaped — what shall I call myself? — escaped not from harm, but from doing harm, which is the most dangerous of the two."

"You will never do harm to the poor folk," said Oona, looking at him with kind eyes.

"Never, while I am in my senses, and know. I want you to promise me something before we land."

"You must make haste, then, and ask; for there is Mysie ready with the boat-hook," said Oona, a little alarmed.

"Promise me — if it ever occurs that harm is being done in my name, to make me know it. Oh, not a mere note sent to my house; I might never receive it, like the last; but to make me know. See me, speak to me, think even: and you will save me."

"Oh, Lord Erradeen, you must not put such a responsibility on me. How can I, a girl that is only a country neighbor —"

"Promise me!" he said.

"Oh, Lord Erradeen, this is almost tyrannical. Yes, if I can — if I think anything is concealed from you. Here I am, Mysie, quite safe; and of course mamma has been making herself miserable. I have brought Lord Erradeen to luncheon," Oona said.

"Eh, my lord, but we're glad to see you," said Mysie, with the gracious ease of hospitality. "They said you were going without saying good-bye, but I would never believe it. It is just his lordship, mem, as I said it was," she called to Mrs. Forrester, who was hastening down the slope.

The mistress of the island came down tripping, with her elderly graces, waving her white, delicate hands.

"Oh, Oona, my dear, but I'm thankful to see you, and nothing happened," she cried; "and ye are very welcome, Lord Erradeen. I thought you would never go away without saying good-bye. Come away up to the house. It is late, late, for luncheon; but there will be some reason; and I never have any heart to take a meal by myself. Everything is ready: if it's not all spoiled?" Mrs. Forrester added, turning round to Mysie, as she shook hands with the unexpected guest.

"Oh, no fear of that, mem," said the factotum. "we're well enough used to waiting in this house: an hour, half an hour, is just nothing. The trout is never put down to the fire till we see the boat; but I maun away and tell cook."

"And you will get out some of the

good claret," Mrs. Forrester cried. "Come away — come away, Lord Erradeen. We have just been wondering what had become of you. It is quite unfriendly to be at Auchnasheen and not come over to see us. Oona, run, my dear, and take off your things. Lord Erradeen will take charge of me. I am fain of an arm when I can get one up the brae. When the boys were at home I always got a good pull up. And where did you foregather, you two? I am glad Oona had the sense to bring you with her. And I hope the trout will not be spoiled," she said with some anxiety. "Mysie is just too confident — far too confident. She is one that thinks nothing can go wrong on the isle."

"That is my creed, too," said Walter, with an awakening of his natural inclination to make himself agreeable, and yet a more serious meaning in the words.

"Oh fie!" said Mrs. Forrester, shaking her head, "to flatter a simple person like me! We have but little, very little to offer: the only thing in our favor is that it's offered with real good will. And how do you like Auchnasheen? and are you just keeping it up as it was in the old lord's time? and how is Mary Fleming, the housekeeper, that was always an ailing body?" These questions, with others of the same kind, answered the purpose of conversation as they ascended to the house — with little intervals between, for Mrs. Forrester was a little breathless though she did not care to say so, and preferred to make pauses now and then to point out the variations of the landscape. "Though I know it so well, I never find it two days the same," she said. None of these transparent little fictions, so innocent, so natural, were unknown to her friends, and the sight of them had a curiously strengthening and soothing effect upon Walter, to whom the gentle perseverance of those amiable foibles so simple and evident, gave a sense of reality and nature which had begun to be wanting in his world. His heart grew lighter as he watched the "ways" of this simple woman, about whose guiles and pretences even there was no mystery at all, and whose little affectations somehow seemed to make her only more real. It gave him a momentary shock, however, when she turned round at her own door, and directed his attention to his old castle lying in lines of black and grey upon the glistening water. He drew her hastily within the porch.

"It gets colder and colder," he said; "the wind goes through and through one."

Don't let me keep you out in this chilly air."

"I think you must have caught a little cold," said Mrs. Forrester, concerned, "for I do not find it so chilly for my part. To be sure, Loch Houran is never like your quiet landward places in England: we are used up here to all the changes. Oona will be waiting for us by this time; and I hope you are ready for your dinner, Lord Erradeen, for I am sure I am. I should say for your lunch: but when it comes to be so far on in the day as this, these short winter days, Oona and me, we just make it our dinner. Oh, there you are, my dear! Lord Erradeen will like to step into Ronald's room and wash his hands, and then there will be nothing to wait for but the trout."

When they were seated at the table, with the trout cooked to perfection as fish only is where it is caught, Mrs. Forrester pressing him to eat with old-fashioned anxiety, and even Mysie, who waited at table, adding affectionate importunities, Walter's heart was touched with a sense of the innocence, the kindness, the gentle nature about him. He felt himself cared for like a child, regarded indeed as a sort of larger child to be indulged with every dainty they could think of, and yet in some ineffable way protected and guided too by the simple creatures round him. The mistress and the maid had little friendly controversies as to what was best for him.

"I thought some good sherry wine, mem, and him coming off the water, would be better than you could claret."

"Well, perhaps you are right, Mysie; but the young men nowadays are all for claret," Mrs. Forrester said.

"Just a wee bittie more of the fish, my lord," said Mysie, in his ear.

"No, no, Mysie," cried her mistress. "You know there are birds coming. Just take away the trout, it is a little cold, and there's far more nourishment in the grouse."

"To my mind, mem," said Mysie, "there is nothing better than a Loch Houran trout."

All this had the strangest effect upon Walter. To come into this simple house was like coming back to nature, and that life of childhood in which there are no skeletons or shadows. Even his mother had never been so sheltering, so safe, so real. Mrs. Methven had far more intellect and passion than Mrs. Forrester. It had been impossible to her to bear the failure of her ideal in her boy. Her very

love had been full of pain and trouble to both. But this other mother was of a different fashion. Whatever her children did was good in her eyes; but she protected, fed, took care of, extended her soft wings over them as if they still were in the maternal nest. The innocence of it all moved Walter out of himself.

"Do you know," he said at last, "what I have come from to your kind, sheltering house, Mrs. Forrester? Do you know what everybody, even your daughter, thought of me two hours ago?"

"I never thought any harm of you, Lord Erradeen," said Oona, looking up hastily.

"Harm of him! Dear me, Oona, you are far, very far, from polite. And what was it they thought of you?" asked Mrs. Forrester. "Oona is so brusque, she just says what she thinks; but sure am I it was nothing but good."

"They thought," said Walter, with an excitement which grew upon him as he went on, "that I, who have been poor myself all my life, that never had any money or lands till a few weeks ago, that I was going to turn poor women and children out of their houses, out upon the world, out to the wet, cold mountain-side, without a shelter in sight. They thought I was capable of that. An old woman more than eighty, and a lot of little children! They thought I would turn them out! Oh, not the poor creatures themselves, but others; even Miss Oona. Is thy servant a dog?"—cried the young man in a blaze of fiery agitation, the hot light of pain shining through the involuntary moisture in his eyes. "Somebody says that in the Bible, I know. Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

"Oh, my dear!" cried Mrs. Forrester, in her sympathy forgetting all distinctions, and only remembering that he was very like her Ronald, and was in trouble, "nobody, nobody thought you would do that. Oh no, no, fie no! nobody had such a thought. If I could believe it of Oona I would not speak to her—I would: no, no, it was never believed. I, for one, I knew you would never do it. I saw it," cried the kind lady, "in your eyes!"

Though Walter had no real confidence in the independent judgment which she asserted so unhesitatingly, yet he was consoled by the softness of the words, the assurance of the tone.

"I did not think such things ever happened in Scotland," he said. "It is Ireland one thinks of. And that it should

be supposed I would do it has hurt me more than I can say — a stranger who had no one to stand up for me."

"That was just the way of it," said Mrs. Forrester soothingly. "We think here that there is something strange in English ways. We never know how a thing will appear to them — that is how it was. But I said all through that it was impossible, and I just wrote to you last night (you would get my letter?) that you must not do it — for fear you might not have understood how it was."

"But there is another side to it," said Oona, "we must not forget, mother. Sometimes it is said, you know, that the poor folk can do no good where they are. We can all understand the shock of seeing them turned out of their houses, but then people say they cannot live there — that it would be better for themselves to be forced to go away."

"That is true, Oona," said her mother, facing round; "it is just a kind of starvation. When old Jenny went there first (she was in my nursery when I had one) there was just a perpetual craik about her rent. Her man was one of the Frasers, and a well-doing, decent man, till he died, poor fellow, as we must all do: and since that I have heard little about it, for I think it was just out of her power to pay anything. Duncan Fraser, he is a very decent man, but I remember the minister was saying if he was in Glasgow or Paisley, or some of those places, it would be better for his family. I recollect that the minister did say that."

"So, Lord Erradeen," said Oona, "without being cruel you might — but I — we all like you ten times better that you couldn't," said the girl impulsively.

"Ay, that do we," said her mother, ready to back up every side, "that do we! But I am not surprised. I knew that there was nothing unkind either in your heart or your face."

"There was no time," said Walter, "to think what was wise, or take into consideration, like a benevolent tyrant, what could be done for their good, without consulting their inclinations: which is what you mean, Miss Forrester —"

Oona smiled, with a little heightened color. It was the commencement of one of those pretty duels which mean mutual attraction rather than opposition. She said, with a little nod of her head, "Go on."

"But one thing is certain," he said, with the almost solemn air which returned to his face at intervals, "that I will rather

want shelter myself than turn another man out of his house, on any argument — far less helpless women and children. Did you laugh? I see no laughing in it," the young man cried.

"Me — laugh!" cried Mrs. Forrester, though it was at Oona he had looked. "If I laughed it was for pleasure. Between ourselves, Lord Erradeen (though they might perhaps be better away) turning out a poor family out of their house is a thing I could never away with. Oona may say what she likes — it is not Christian. Oh, it's not Christian! I would have taken them in, as many as Mysie could have made room for: but I never could say that it was according to Christianity. Oh no, Lord Erradeen! I would have to be poor indeed — poor, poor indeed — before I would turn these poor folk away."

"There would be no blessing upon the rest," said Mysie, behind her mistress's chair.

"That is settled then," said Walter, whose heart grew lighter and lighter. "But that is not all. Tell me, if I were a benevolent despot, Miss Forrester — you who know everything — what should I do now? — for it cannot stop there."

"We'll go into the drawing-room before you settle that," said Mrs. Forrester. "Dear me, it is quite dark; we will want the candles, Mysie. There is so little light in the afternoon at this time of the year. I am sorry there is no gentleman to keep you in countenance with your glass of wine, Lord Erradeen. If you had been here when my Ronald or Jamie, or even Rob, was at home! But they are all away, one to every air, and the house is very lonely without any boys in it. Are you coming with us? Well, perhaps it will be more cheerful. Dear me, Mysie, you have left that door open, and we will just be perished with the cold."

"Let me shut it," Walter said.

He turned to the open door with a pleasant sense of taking the place of one those absent boys whom the mother regretted so cheerfully, and with a lighter heart than he could have thought possible a few hours ago. But at the first glance he stood arrested with a sudden chill that seemed to paralyze him. It was almost dark upon the loch; the water gleamed with that polished blackness through which the boat had cut as through something solid; the blacker now, shining like jet against the less responsive gloom of the land and hills. The framework of the doorway made a picture of this night

scene, with the more definite darkness of the old castle in the centre, rising opaque against the softer distance. Seeing that Lord Erradeen made a sudden pause, Oona went towards him, and looked out too at the familiar scene. She had seen it often before, but it had never made the same impression upon her. "Oh, the light — the light again!" she said with a cry of surprise. It came up in a pale glow as she was looking, faint, but throwing up in distinct revelation the mass of the old tower against the background. Walter, who seemed to have forgotten what he had come to do, was roused by her voice, and with nervous haste and almost violence shut the door. There was not much light in the little hall, and they could see each other's faces but imperfectly, but his had already lost the soothed and relieved expression which had replaced its agitated aspect. He scarcely seemed to see her as he turned round, took up his hat from the table, and went on confusedly before, forgetting ordinary decorums, to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Forrester had already made herself comfortable in her usual chair, with the intention of for a few moments "just closing her eyes." Mysie had not brought the lights, and he stood before the surprised lady like a dark shadow, with his hat in his hand.

"I have come to take my leave," he said: "to thank you, and say good-bye."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Forrester, rousing herself, "you are in a great hurry, Lord Erradeen. Why should you be so anxious to go? You have nobody at Auchnasheen to be kept waiting. Toots! you must just wait now you are here for a cup of tea at least, and it will take Hamish a certain time to get out the boat."

"I must go," he said, with a voice that trembled: then suddenly threw down his hat on the floor and himself upon a low chair close to her, "unless," he said, "unless — you will complete your charity by taking me in for the night. Will you keep me for the night? Put me in any corner. I don't mind — only let me stay."

"Let you stay!" cried the lady of the isle. She sprang up as lightly as a girl at this appeal, with no further idea of "closing her eyes." "Will I keep you for the night? But that I will, and with all my heart! There is Ronald's room where you washed your hands, just all ready, nothing to do but put on the sheets, and plenty of his things in it in case you

should want anything. Let you stay!" she cried, with delighted excitement, "it is what I would have asked and pressed you to do. And then we can do something for your cold, for I am sure you have a cold; and Oona and you can settle all that business about the tyrant, which is more than my poor head is equal to. Oona, my dear, will you tell Mysie? — where is Mysie? I will just speak to her myself. We must get him better of his cold, or what will his mother think? He must have some more blankets, or an eider-down, which will be lighter, and a good fire."

If her worst enemy had asked hospitality from Mrs. Forrester she would have forgotten all her wrongs and opened her doors wide; how much more when it was a friend and neighbor? The demand itself was a kindness. She tripped away without a thought of her disturbed nap, and was soon heard in colloquy with Mysie, who shared all her sentiments in this respect. Oona, who stood silent by the fire, with a sense that she was somehow in the secret, though she did not know what it was, had a less easy part. The pang of sympathy she felt was almost intolerable, but she did not know how to express it. The quiet room seemed all at once to have become the scene of a struggle, violent though invisible, which she followed dumbly with an instinct beyond her power to understand. After an interval of silence which seemed endless, he spoke.

"It must be intended that we should have something to do with each other," he said suddenly. "When you are there I feel stronger. If your mother had refused me, I should have been lost."

"It was impossible that she should have refused you, Lord Erradeen."

"I wish you would not call me by that ill-omened name. It is a horror to me; and then if all that is true — How is it possible that one man should lord it over an entire race for so long? Did you ever hear of a similar case? Oh! don't go away. If you knew what an ease it is to speak to you! No one else understands. It makes one feel as if one were restored to natural life to be able to speak of it, to ask advice. Nothing," he cried suddenly, getting up, picking up his hat as if about to leave the house, "nothing — shall induce me to go —"

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, "you must not go;" though she could not have told why.

He put down the hat again on the table

with a strange laugh. "I was going then," he said, "but I will not. I will do exactly as you say." He came up to her where she stood full of trouble watching him. "I dare say you think I am going wrong in my head, but it is not that. I am being dragged—with ropes. Give me your hand to hold by. There! that is safety, that is peace. Your hand is as soft—as snow," cried the young man. His own were burning, and the cool, fresh touch of the girl seemed to diffuse itself through all his being. Oona was as brave in her purity as the other Una, the spotless lady of romance, and would have shrunk from no act of succor. But it agitated her to have this strange appeal for help. She did not withdraw her hand, but yet drew away a little, alarmed, not knowing what to do.

"You must not think," she said, faltering, "that any one—has more power over another than—he permits them to have."

She spoke like one of the oracles, not knowing what she said; and he listened with a slight shake of his head, not making any reply. After a moment he yielded to the reluctance which made itself felt in her, and let her hand go.

"Will you come with me outside?" he said; "not there, where that place is. I think the cold and the night do one good. Can we go out the other way?"

Oona accepted this alternative gladly. "We can go to the walk, where it is always dry," she said, with an assumption of cheerfulness. "It looks to the south, and that is where the flowers grow best." As she led the way through the hall, Walter took up Mrs. Forrester's furred cloak which hung there, and put it round her with a great deal of tenderness and care. The girl's heart beat as he took this office upon him, as one of her brothers might have done. It was the strangest conjunction. He was not thinking of her at all, she felt, save as affording some mysterious help in those mysterious miseries: and yet there was a sweetness in the thought he took, even at this extraordinary moment, for her comfort. There could have been no such dangerous combination of circumstances for Oona, whose heart was full of the early thrill of romance, and that indistinguishable pity and attraction towards the suffering which tells for so much in the life of women. A softness and melting of the heart indescribable came over her as she felt its light touch on her shoulders, and found herself enveloped, as it were, in his shadow and the sentiment of his pres-

ence. He was not thinking of her, but only of his need of her, fantastic though that might be. But her heart went out towards him with that wonderful feminine impulse which is at once inferior and superior, full of dependence, yet full of help. To follow all his movements and thoughts as well as she could with wistful secondariness; yet to be ready to guide, to save, when need was—to dare anything for that office. There had never been anything in Oona's life to make her aware of this strange, sweet, agitating position—the unchangeable one between the two mortal companions who have to walk the ways of earth together. But his mind was preoccupied with other thoughts than her, while hers were wholly bent upon him and his succor. It was dangerous for her, stealing her heart out of her breast in the interest, the sympathy, the close contact involved; but of none of these things was he very clearly aware in the preoccupation of his thoughts.

They walked up and down for a time together, behind the house, along the broad walk, almost a terrace, of the kitchen garden, where there was a deep border filled in summer with every kind of old-fashioned flowers. It was bare now, with naked fruit trees against the wall, but the moon was hid in clouds, and it was impossible to see anything, except from the end of the terrace the little landing-place below, and the first curves of the walk leading up to the house, and all round the glimmer of the loch. The stillness had been broken by the sound of a boat, but it was on the Auchnasheen side, and though Oona strained her eyes she had not been able to see it, and concluded that, if coming to the isle at all, it must have touched the opposite point where there was a less easy, but possible, landing-place. As they reached the end of the terrace, however, she was startled to see a figure detach itself from the gloom and walk slowly towards the house.

"The boat must have run in under the bushes, though I cannot see it," she said; "but there is some one coming up the walk."

Walter turned to look with momentary alarm, but presently calmed down. "It is most likely old Symington, who takes a paternal charge of me," he said.

Soon after they heard the steps, not heavy, but distinctly audible, crushing the gravel, and to Oona's great surprise, though Walter, a stranger to the place, took no notice of the fact, these footsteps, instead of going to the door, as would

have been natural, came round the side of the house and approached the young pair in their walk. The person of the new-comer was quite unknown to Oona. He took off his hat with an air of well-bred courtesy—like a gentleman, not like a servant—and said,—

"I am reluctant to interrupt such a meeting, but there is a boat below for Lord Erradeen."

Walter started violently at the sound of the voice, which was, notwithstanding, agreeable and soft, though with a tone of command in it. He came to a sudden stop, and turned round quickly as if he could not believe his ears.

"There is a boat below," the stranger repeated, "and it is extremely cold; the men are freezing at their oars. They have not the same delightful inspiration as their master, who forgets that he has business to settle this final night—"

Walter gave a strange cry, like the cry of a hunted creature. "In God's name," he exclaimed, "what have you to do here?"

"My good fellow," said the other, "you need not try your hand at exorcising; others have made that attempt before you. Is Circe's island shut to all footsteps save yours? But, even then, you could not shut out me. I must not say Armida's garden in this state of the temperature," he said.

"Who is it?" asked Oona in great alarm under her breath.

"Let me answer you," the intruder said. "It is a sort of a guardian who has the first right to Lord Erradeen's consideration. Love, as even the copybooks will tell, ought to be subordinate to duty."

"Love!" cried Oona, starting from the young man's side. The indignant blood rushed to her face. She turned towards the house in sudden anger and shame and excitement. Circe! Armida! Was it she to whom he dared to apply these insulting names?

Walter caught her cloak with both hands.

"Do you not see," he said, "that he wants to take you from me, to drive you away, to have me at his mercy? Oona! you would not see a man drown and refuse to hold out your hand?"

"This is chivalrous," said the stranger, "to put a woman between you and that— which you are afraid to meet."

To describe the state of excited feeling and emotion in which Oona listened to this dialogue, would be impossible. She was surprised beyond measure, yet, in the

strange excitement of the encounter, could not take time to wonder or seek an explanation. She had to act in the mean time, whatever the explanation might be. Her heart clanged in her ears. Tenderness, pity, indignation, shame, thrilled through her. She had been insulted, she had been appealed to by the most sacred voice on earth—the voice of suffering. She stood for a moment looking at the two shadows before her, for they were little more.

"And if he is afraid why should not he turn to a woman?" she said with an impulse she could scarcely understand. "If he is afraid, I am not afraid. This isle belongs to a woman. Come and tell her, if you will, what you want. Let my mother judge, who is the mistress of this place. Lord Erradeen has no right to break his word to her for any man: but if my mother decides that you have a better claim, he will go."

"I will abide by every word she says," Walter cried.

The stranger burst into a laugh.

"I am likely to put forth my claim before such a tribunal!" he said. "Come, you have fought stoutly for your lover. Make a virtue of necessity now, and let him go."

"He is not my lover," cried Oona, "but I will not let him go." She added after a moment, with a sudden change of tone, coming to herself, and feeling the extraordinary character of the discussion, "This is a very strange conversation to occur here. I think we are all out of our senses. It is like the theatre. I don't know your name, sir, but if you are Lord Erradeen's guardian, or a friend of his, I invite you to come and see my mother. Most likely," she added, with a slight faltering, "she will know you, as she knows all the family." Then, with an attempt at playfulness, "If it is to be a struggle between this gentleman and the ladies of the isle, Lord Erradeen, tell him he must give way."

The stranger took off his hat and made her a profound bow.

"I do so on the instant," he said.

The two young people stood close together, their shadows confounded in one, and there did not seem time to draw a breath before they were alone, with no sound or trace remaining to prove that the discussion in which a moment before their hearts had been beating so loudly had ever existed at all. Oona looked after the stranger with a gasp. She clung to Walter, holding his arm tight.

"Where has he gone?" she cried, in a piercing whisper. She trembled so after her boldness that she would have fallen but for his sustaining arm. "Who is he? Where has he gone? That is not the way to the beach. Call after him, call after him, and tell him the way."

Walter did not make any reply. He drew her arm closer through his, and turned with her towards the house. As for Oona, she seemed incapable of any thought but that this strange intruder might be left on the isle.

"He will get into the orchard and then among the rocks. He will lose himself," she cried; "he may get into the water. Call to him, Lord Erradeen — or stop, we will send Hamish. Here is Hamish. Oh, Hamish! the gentleman has taken the wrong way —"

"It will just be a boat that has come for my lord," said Hamish. "I tell them my lord was biding all night, but nothing would satisfy them, but I had to come up and get his lordship's last word."

"Oh, he is not going, Hamish! but there is a gentleman —"

Walter interrupted her with an abruptness that startled Oona.

"Let them see that every one is on board — and return at once," he said.

"Oh there will just be everybody on board that ever was, for none has come ashore," said Hamish. "What was you saying about a gentleman, Miss Oona? There will be no gentleman. It is Joost Duncan and another man with him, and they cried upon me, Hamish! and I answered them. But there will be no gentleman at all," Hamish said.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was very dark upon Loch Houran that night. Whether nature was aware of a dark spirit, more subtle and more powerful than common man, roaming about in the darkness, temporarily baffled by agencies so simple that their potency almost amused while it confounded him — and shrank from the sight of him, who could tell? but it was dark, as a night in which there was a moon somewhere which ought never to have been. The moon was on the wane, it was true, which is never like her earlier career, but all trace and influence of her were lost in the low-lying cloud which descended from the sky like a hood, and wrapped everything in gloom. The water only seemed to throw a black glimmer into the invisible world where all things brooded in silence and cold, unseen, unmoving. The only thing

that lived and shone in all this mysterious still universe was one warm window full of light, that shone from the isle. It was a superstition of the simple mistress of the house that there should be no shutter or curtain there, so that any late "traveler by land or water" might be cheered by this token of life and possible help. Had that traveller, needing human succor, been led to claim shelter there, it would have been accorded fearlessly. "Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold." The little innocent household of defenceless women had not a fear. Hamish only, who perhaps felt a responsibility as their sole possible defender, might have received with suspicion such an unexpected guest.

The mysterious person already referred to — whose comings and goings were not as those of other men, and whose momentary discomfiture by such simple means perplexed yet partially amused him, as has been said, passed by that window at a later hour and stood for a moment outside. The thoughts with which, out of the external cold and darkness, which affected him not at all, he regarded the warm interior where simple human souls, sheltering themselves against the elements, gathered about their fire, were strange enough. The cold, which did not touch him, would have made them shiver; the dark, which to his eyes was as the day, would have confused their imaginations and discouraged their minds; and yet together by their fire they were beyond his power. He looked in upon their simplicity and calm and safety with that sense of the superiority of the innocent which at the most supreme moment will come in to dash all the triumphs of guile, and all the arts of the schemer. What he saw was the simplest, cheerful scene, the fire blazing, the lamp burning steadily, a young man and a girl seated together, not in any tender or impassioned conjunction, but soberly discussing, calculating, arguing, thought to thought and face to face; the mother, on the other side, somewhat faded, smiling, not over wise, with her book, to which she paid little attention, looking up from time to time, and saying something far from clever. He might have gone in among them, and she would have received him with that same smile and offered him her best, thinking no evil. He had a thousand experiences of mankind, and knew how their minds could be worked upon and their imaginations inflamed, and their ambitions roused. Was he altogether baffled by this simplicity,

or was there some lingering of human ruth in him, which kept him from carrying disturbance into so harmless a scene? or was it only to estimate those forces that he stood and watched them, with something to learn, even in his vast knowledge, from this unexpected escape of the fugitive, and the simple means by which he had been baffled for the moment, and his prey taken from him? For the moment! — that was all.

"Come, come now," Mrs. Forrester said. "You cannot argue away like that, and fight all night. You must make up your bits of differences, and settle what is to be done; for it is time we had the books, and let the women and Hamish get to their beds. They are about all day, and up early in the morning, not like us that sit with our hands before us. Oona, you must just cry upon Mysie, and let them all come ben. And if you will hand me the big Bible that is upon yon table — since you are so kind, Lord Erradeen."

At this simple ceremonial — the kindly servant-people streaming in, the hush upon their little concerns, the unison of voices, from Oona's, soft with youth and gentle breeding, to the rough bass of Hamish, in words that spectator knew as well as any — the same eyes looked on, with feelings we cannot attempt to fathom. Contempt, envy, the wonder of the wise over the everlasting, inexplicable superiority of the innocent, were these the sentiments with which he gazed? But in the night and silence there was no interpreter of these thoughts. How he came or went was his own secret. The window was closed soon after, the lights extinguished, and the darkness received this little community of the living and breathing, to keep them warm and unseen and unconscious till they should be claimed again by the cheerful day.

The household, however, though it presented an aspect of such gentle calm, was not in reality so undisturbed as it appeared. In Oona's chamber, for one, there was a tumult of new emotions which to the girl were incomprehensible, strange, and terrible, and sweet. Lord Erradeen was but a new acquaintance, she said to herself, as she sat over her fire, with everything hushed and silent about her; nevertheless the tumult of feeling in her heart was all connected with him. Curiously enough, the strange encounter in the garden — of which she had received no explanation — had disappeared from her thoughts altogether. The rise and

sudden dawn of a new life in her own being was more near and momentous than any mysterious circumstances, however unlike the common. By-and-by she might come to that — in the mean time a sentiment "*nova, sola, infinita*," occupied all her consciousness. She had known him during the last week only: three times in all, on three several days, had they met; but what a change these three days had made in the life that had been so free and so sweet, full of a hundred interests, without any that was exclusive and absorbing! In a moment, without knowing what was coming, she had been launched into this new world of existence. She was humbled to think of it, yet proud. She felt herself to have become a sort of shadow of him, watching his movements with an anxiety which was without any parallel in her experience, yet at the same time able to interpose for him, when he could not act for himself, to save him. It seemed to Oona suddenly, that everything else had slipped away from her, receding into the distance. The things that had occupied her before were now in the background. All the stage of life was filled with him, and the events of their brief intercourse had become the only occupation of her thoughts. She wondered and blushed as she wandered in that maze of recollections at her own boldness in assuming the guidance of him; yet felt it to be inevitable — the only thing to be done. And the strange new thrill which ran through her veins when he had appealed to her, when he had implored her to stand by him, came back with an acute, sweet mixture of pleasure and pain. She declared to herself, yes! — with a swelling of her heart — she would stand by him, let it cost her what it might. There had been no love spoken or thought of between them. It was not love: what was it? Friendship, fraternity, the instinctive discovery of one by another, that divination which brings those together who can help each other. It was he, not she, who wanted help — what did it matter which it was? in giving or in receiving it was a new world. But whether it was a demon or an angel that had thus got entrance into that little home of peace and security — who could tell? Whatever it was, it was an inmate hitherto unknown, one that must work change, both in earth and Heaven.

Everything that could trouble or disturb had vanished from the dark world outside before Oona abandoned her musings — or rather before she felt the chill

of the deep night round her — and twisted up her long hair, and drew aside the curtains from her window as was her custom that she might see the sky from her bed. There had been a change in the midnight hours. The clouds at last had opened, and in the chasm made by their withdrawal was the lamp of the waning moon "lying on her back" with a sort of mystic disturbance and ominous clearness, as if she were lighting the steps of some evil enterprise, guiding a traitor or a murderer to the refuge of some one betrayed. Oona shivered as she took refuge in the snow-white nest which had never hitherto brought her anything but profound youthful repose, and the airy, flitting dreams of a soul at rest. But though this momentary chill was impressed upon her senses, neither fear nor discouragement was in her soul. She closed her eyes only to see more clearly the face of this new influence in her life, to feel her pulses tingle as she remembered all the events of the three days' Odyssey, the strange magical history that had sprung into being in a moment, yet was alive with such endless interest, and full of such a chain of incidents. What was to be the next chapter in it? Or was it to have another chapter? She felt already with a deep drawing of her breath, and warned herself that all would probably end here, and everything relapse into vacancy — a conclusion inconceivable, yet almost certain, she said to herself. But this consciousness only excited her the more. There was something in it of that whirl of desperation which gives a wild quickening to enjoyment in the sensation of momentariness and possible ending — the snatching of a fearful joy.

This sudden end came, however, sooner than she thought; they had scarcely met at the breakfast table when Lord Erradeen begged Mrs. Forrester to allow him to send for his servant, and make his arrangements for his departure from the isle, instead of returning to Auchnasheen. "I have not felt safe or at ease, save here, since I came to the loch," he said, looking round him with a grateful sense of the cheerful quiet and security. His eyes met those of Oona, who was somewhat pale after her long vigil and broken rest. She had recognized at once with a pang the conclusion she had foreseen, the interruption of her new history which was implied in the remorseless, unintentional abruptness of this announcement. He was going away; and neither felt any inducement to stay, nor any hesitation

in announcing his resolution. She had known it would be so, and yet there was a curious pang of surprise in it which seemed to arrest her heart. Notwithstanding, as in duty bound, she met his look with a smile in her eyes.

"Hoots," said Mrs. Forrester, "you flatter the isle, Lord Erradeen. We know that is just nonsense; but for all that, we take it kind that you should like our little house. It will always be found here, just faithful and friendly, whenever you come back. And certainly ye shall send for your man or make what arrangements suits you. There's the library quite free and at your service for any writing you may have to do, and Hamish will take any message to Auchnasheen, or wherever you please. The only thing that grieves me is that you should be so set on going to-day."

"That must be — that must be!" cried Walter: and then he began to make excuses and apologies. There were circumstances which made it indispensable — there were many things that made him anxious to leave Auchnasheen. No, it was not damp — which was the instant suggestion of Mrs. Forrester. There were other things. He was going back to Sloebury to his mother (Mrs. Forrester said to England), and it was so recently that he had entered upon his property, that there was still a great deal to do. After he had made this uncompromising statement of the necessities that he had to be guided by, he looked across the table at Oona once more.

"And Miss Forrester is so kind as to take in hand for me the settlement of the cottars. It will be her doing. I hope they will not blame me for that alarm yesterday, which was no fault of mine; but the new arrangement will be your doing altogether."

"I shall not take the credit," said Oona. "I had not even the boldness to suggest it. It was your own thought, and they will bless you so, that wherever you are, at Sloebury or the end of the world, you must feel your heart warm —"

She said this with great self-command; but she was pale, and there was a curious giddiness stealing over her. She seemed to feel the solid ground slip away from under her feet.

"My heart," he said, looking at her with a grateful look, "will always be warm when I think of the isle, and all that has been done for me here."

"Now, Lord Erradeen," said Mrs. Forrester, "you will just make Oona and me

vain with all these bonnie speeches. We are always glad to be friendly and neighborlike, but what have we been able to do?—just nothing. When you come back again and let your friends see a little more of you, we will all do what we can to make the loch agreeable. But I hope it will be warmer weather, and more pleasure in moving about. You will be back no doubt, if not sooner, in time for the grouse."

He grew pale in spite of himself, and Oona looking at him, felt the steady earth slip more and more away.

"I don't know," he said hurriedly, "when I may come back—not before I—not sooner than I can—I mean there are a great many things to look after; and my mother——"

His eyes seemed to seek hers again as if asking her sympathy, and appealing to her knowledge. "Not before I must—not sooner than I can help," that was what he meant to say. Oona gave him a faint smile of response. It was so wonderful that when she understood him so completely, he should understand her so little, and never suspect that there was anything cruel in those words. But she made the response he required, and strengthened him by that instinctive comprehension of him in which he put so strange a trust. There was an eagerness in all his preparations for going away which he almost forced upon her notice, so strong was his confidence in her sympathy. He lost no time about any of these arrangements, but sent Hamish with his boat to Auchnasheen for Symington, and wrote down his instructions for Shaw, and talked of what he was going to do when he got "home," with the most absolute insensibility to any feeling in the matter save his own. And it seemed to Oona that the moments flew, and the quick morning melted away, and before she could collect her thoughts the time came when her mother and she walked down to the beach with him, smiling, to see him off. There had never been a word said between them of that conversation in the garden on the previous night. Only when he was just about to leave, he cast a glance towards the walk where that encounter had taken place, and turned to her with a look such as cannot pass between any but those that have some secret link of mutual knowledge. Her mother was talking cheerfully of the view and the fine morning after the rain, walking before them, when he gave Oona that look of mutual understanding. "I owe you

everything," he said, in a low tone of almost passionate fervor. Presently she found herself shaking hands with him as if he had been nothing more than the acquaintance of three days which he was, and wishing him a good journey. And so the Odyssey came to an end, and the history stopped in the course of making. She stood still for a little, watching the boat and the widening lines it drew along the surface of the water. "Sometimes to watch a boat moving off will give you a giddiness," Mrs. Forrester said.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE could be no greater contrast than that which existed between Walter Methven, Lord Erradeen, hurrying away with the sense of a man escaped with his life from the shores of Loch Houran and Oona Forrester left behind upon the isle.

It was not only that he had all at once become the first object in her life, and she counted for little or nothing in his. That was not the question. She had been for sufficient space of time, and with sufficient stress of circumstances to make the impression one which would not die easily, of the first importance in his thoughts: and no doubt that impression would revive when he had leisure from the overwhelming preoccupation which was in his mind. But it was that he was himself full of an anxiety and excitement strong enough to dwarf every other feeling, which made the blood course through his veins, and inspired every thought; while she was left in a state more like vacancy than anything else, emptied out of everything that had interested her. The vigorous bend of the rowers to the oars as they carried him away was not more unlike the regretful languor of the women as they stood on the beach, Mrs. Forrester waving her handkerchief, but Oona without even impulse enough in her to do that.

As for Walter, he was all energy and impulse. He arranged the portmanteaux which Symington had brought with his own hands, to leave room for the sweep of the oars, and quicken the crossing. His farewells were but half said. It seemed as if he could scarcely breathe till he got away. Every stroke of the oars lightened his heart, and when he was clear of that tragic water altogether, and sprang up upon the rude country wagonette which had been engaged at the inn to carry him to the station, his brow relaxed, and the muscles of his mouth gave way as they had not done since his first day on

Loch Houran. He gave a look almost of hatred at the old castle, and then averted his face. When he reached the railway, the means of communication with the world he had known before, he was a different man. The horses had gone too slowly for him, so did the leisurely, friendly trains on the Highland railway, with their broad, large windows for the sake of the views. Travellers, as a rule, did not wish to go too fast while they skirted those gleaming lochs, and ran along under shadow of the mountains. They liked to have somebody to point out which was Loch Ool and which St. Monan's. It was too slow for Lord Erradeen, but still it was going away. He began to think of all the commonplace accessories of life with a sort of enthusiasm — the great railway stations, the Edinburgh Hotel, with its ordinary guests. He was so sick of everything connected with his Highland property and with its history, that he resolved he would make no pause in Edinburgh, and would not go near Mr. Milnathort. The questions they would no doubt put to him made him impatient even in thought. He would not subject himself to these; he would put away altogether out of his mind, if he could, everything connected with it, and all that he had been seeing and hearing, or, at least, had fancied he heard and saw.

But when Oona turned away from looking after the boat — which she was indeed the first to do, Mrs. Forrester waiting almost as long as it was within sight to wave her handkerchief if the departing guest should look back — she felt herself and her life emptied out all at once. When she began to think of it in the cold light of this sudden conclusion, a sense of humiliation came over her. She blushed with hot shame at this altogether unasked, unreasonable, unnecessary resignation of herself and her interests to a stranger. He was nothing but a stranger, she said to herself; there was no remarkable charm in him one way or another. She had not been at all affected by his first appearance. He was not handsome enough or clever enough, nor had he any special attraction to gain him so high a place. Somehow she had not thought of Walter in her first realization of the new interest which had pushed away all the other occupations out of her existence: and she had not blushed in the high sense of expanded life and power to help. But now it moved her with a certain shame to think that the sudden departure of a man whom she scarcely knew, and to whom she was noth-

ing, should thus have emptied out her existence and left a bewildering blank in her heart. She went slowly up the walk, and went to her room, and there sat down with a curious self-abandonment. It was all over, all ended and done. When he came into her life it was accidentally, without any purpose in it on either side; and now that he had gone out of it again, there was no anger, no sense of wrong, only a curious consciousness that everything had gone away — that the soil had slipped from her, and nothing was left. No, there was no reason at all to be angry — nobody was to blame. Then she laughed a little at herself at this curious, wanton sort of trouble, intended by nobody — which neither he had meant to draw her into, nor she to bring upon herself.

There was one thing however between her and this vacancy. He had left her a commission which any kind-hearted girl would have thought a delightful one — to arrange with the factor how the cottars were to be most effectually helped and provided for. It had been their thought at first — the young man being little better instructed than the girl on such matters — that to make Duncan Fraser and the rest the proprietors of their little holdings would be the most effectual way of helping them, and would do the property of Lord Erradeen very little harm — a thing that Walter, unaccustomed to property, and still holding it lightly, contemplated with all the ease of the landless, never thinking of the thorn in the flesh of a piece of alienated land in the midst of an estate, until it suddenly flashed upon him that his estates being all entailed, this step would be impossible. How was it to be done then? They had decided that Shaw would know best, and that some way of remitting the rents at least during the lifetime of the present Lord Erradeen must be settled upon, and secured to them at once. Oona had this commission left in her hands. She could have thought of none more delightful a few days ago, but now it seemed to make the future vacancy of life all the more evident by the fact that here was one thing, and only one, before her to do. When that was done, what would happen? — a return upon the pleasant occupations, the amusements, the hundred little incidents which had filled the past? After all, the past was only a week back. Can it ever return, and things be again as they were before? Oona had never reasoned or speculated on these matters till this moment. She

had never known by experiment that the past cannot return, or that which has been be once more; but she became aware of it in a moment now.

Then she got up and stood at her window and looked out on the unchanging landscape, and laughed aloud at herself. How ridiculous it was! By this time it made no difference to Lord Erradeen that she had ever existed. Why should it make any difference to her that he had come and gone? The new generation takes a view of such matters which is different from the old-fashioned sentimental view. After yielding to the new influence rashly, unawares, like a romantic girl of any benighted century, Oona began to examine it like an enlightened young intelligence of her own. Her spirit rose against it, and that vigorous quality which we call a sense of humor. There was something almost ludicrous in the thought that one intelligent creature should be thus subject to another, and that life itself should be altered by an accidental meeting. And if this was absurd to think of in any case, how much more in her own! Nobody had ever had a more pleasant, happy life. In her perfect womanliness and submission to all the laws of nature, she was yet as independent as the most free-born soul could desire. There was no path in all the district, whether it led to the loneliest cottage or the millionaire's palace, that was not free to Oona Forrester. The loch and the hills were open as her mother's garden, to the perfectly dauntless, modest creature, who had never in her life heard a tone or caught a look of disrespect. She went her mother's errands, which were so often errands of charity, far and near, with companions when she cared for them, without companions when she did not. What did it matter? The old cottar people about had a pretty Gaelic name for her; and to all the young ones Miss Oona of the Isle was as who should say Princess Oona, a young lady whom every one was bound to forward upon her way. Her mother was not so clever as Oona, which was, perhaps, a drawback; but she could not have been more kind, more tender, more loving if she had possessed, as our laureate says, "the soul of Shakespeare." All was well about and around this favorite of nature. How was it possible then that she could have come to any permanent harm in two or three days?

Notwithstanding this philosophical view, however, Oona did nothing all that day, and to tell the truth felt little except

the sense of vacancy; but next day she announced to her mother that she was going to the Manse to consult with Mr. Cameron about the Truach-Glas cottars, and that probably she would see Mr. Shaw there, and be able to do the business Lord Erradeen had confided to her. Mrs. Forrester fully approved.

"A thing that is to make poor folks more comfortable should never be put off a moment," that kind woman said, "for, poor bodies, they have little enough comfort at the best," and she stood at the porch and waved her hand to her child, as the boat sped out of the shade of the isle into the cold sunshine which had triumphed for an hour or two over the clouds and rain. Oona found Mr. Shaw as she had anticipated, in the village, and there was a very brisk and not altogether peaceable discussion in the minister's study, over this new idea. The factor, though he was so strongly set against all severe measures, and in reality so much on the side of the cottars, was yet taken aback, as was natural, by the new idea presented to him. He laughed at the notion of making them the owners of their little holdings.

"Why not give Tom Patterson his farm too? He finds it just as hard to pay the rent," he cried in mingled ridicule and wrath. "There is no difference in the principle though there may be in the circumstances. And what if Lord Erradeen had a few hundred crofters instead of half a dozen? I'm speaking of the principle. Of course he cannot do it. It's all entailed, every inch of the land, and he cannot do it; but supposing he could, and that he were treating them all equally? It's just not to be done. It is just shifting the difficulty. It is putting other people at a disadvantage. A man cannot give away his land and his living. It is just a thing that is not to be done."

"He knows it is not to be done; he knows it is entailed, therefore —"

"Oh yes, Miss Oona; therefore" — cried the factor. "Little of it, very little would have come his way if it had not been entailed. Whether or not it is good for the country, there can be no doubt it's the stronghold of a family. Very likely there would have been no Methvens (and small damage, begging his pardon that is a kind of a new stock), and certainly there would have been no property to keep up a title, but for the entail. It is a strange story, the story of them altogether." Shaw continued, "It has been a wonderfully managed property. I must say that for

it; no praise to me, so I am free to speak. There was the late lord — the only one I knew. There was very little in him, and yet the way he managed was wonderful; they have just added land to land, and farm to farm. I do not understand it. And now I suppose we've arrived at the prodigal that always appears some time in a family to make the hoards go."

"No, no," said the minister, "you must not call the man a prodigal whose wish is to give to the poor."

"That is all very well," said Shaw; "the poor, where there are half a dozen of them, are easily enough managed. Give them their land if you like (if it were not criminal to cut a slice out of an estate), it does not matter much; but if there were a hundred? It is the principle I am thinking of. They cannot buy it themselves, and the State will not buy it for them, seeing they are only decent Scots lads, not blazing Irishmen. I cannot see where the principle will lead to; I am not against the kindness, Miss Oona, far from that; and these half-a-dozen Frasers, what would it matter? but if there were a hundred! The land is just my profession, as the Church is Mr. Cameron's, and I must think of it, all the ways of it; and this is a thing that would not work so far as I can see."

"But Lord Erradeen acknowledges that," said Oona. "What he wants to do is only for his time. To set them free of the rent they cannot pay, and to let them feel that nobody can touch them, so long as he lives —"

"And the Lord grant him wealth of days," said the minister; "a long life and a happy one!"

"You will not look at it," cried the factor, "from a common-sense point of view. All that is very pretty, and pleasing to the young man's — what shall I call it? — his kindness and his vanity, for both are involved, no doubt. But it will just debauch the minds of the people. They will learn to think they have a right to it; and when the next heir comes into possession, there will be a burning question raised up, and a bitter sense of wrong if he asks for his own again. Oh yes, Miss Oona, so long as the present condition of affairs lasts it will be his own. A man with a rent of two or three pounds is just as liable as if it were two or three hundred. The principle is the same; and as I am saying, if there were a number of them, you just could not do it: for I suppose you're not a communist, Miss Oona, that would do away with property altogether?"

A sudden smile from among the clouds lit up Shaw's ruddy, remonstrative countenance, as he put this question, and Oona smiled too.

"I don't make any theories," she said; "I don't understand it. I feel as Lord Erradeen does, that whatever the law may be, I would rather be without a roof to shelter myself than turn one poor creature out of her home. Oh, I don't wonder, when I remember the horror in his face! Think! could you sleep, could you rest — you, young and strong, and well off, when you had turned out the poor folk to the hill? — all for a little miserable money?" cried Oona, starting to her feet, "or for the principle, as you call it? I, for one," cried the girl, with flashing eyes, "would never have let him speak to me again."

"There you have it, Oona; there's a principle, if you like; there is something that will work," cried the old minister, with a tremulous burst of laughter. "Just you keep by that, my bonnie dear, and all your kind; and we'll hear of few evictions within the Highland line."

"That would be all very well," said the factor, "if every landlord was a young lad, like Lord Erradeen; but even then it might be a hard case, and Miss Oona would not find it as easy as she thinks; for supposing there were hundreds, as I'm always saying; and supposing there were some among them that could just pay well enough, but took advantage; and supposing a landlord that was poor too, and was losing everything? No, no, Miss Oona, in this world things are not so simple. My counsel is to let them be — just to let them be. I would bid them pay when they can, and that my lord would not be hard upon them. That is what I would do. I would tell them he was willing to wait, and maybe to forgive them what was past, or something like that. After what happened the other day, they will be very sure he will not be hard upon them. And that is what I would advise him to do."

"You are not going to wash your hands of it, after all?" the minister said.

Shaw laughed. "Not just this time, Mr. Cameron. I always thought he was a fine lad. And now that he has good advisers, and amenable —" he added, with a glance at Oona, which fortunately she did not see.

She had made up her mind to go up to the glen, and convey the good news to the cottars, and though it was not such entire good news as she wished, and Oona was somewhat disappointed, she paid

them the visit notwithstanding, and gave the women to understand that there was nothing to fear from Lord Erradeen. It was a long walk, and the afternoon was almost over when Oona came once more in sight of the loch. To get there the sooner, she took a path which cut off a corner, and which communicated, by a little, narrow byway leading through the marshy ground at the head of the loch, with the old castle. She was a little startled as she hurried along, to see some one advance, as if to meet her from this way. Her heart jumped with a momentary idea that the slim, dark figure against the light in the west, was Lord Erradeen himself come back. But another glance satisfied her that this was not so. She was surprised, but not at all alarmed; for there was no one within reach of Loch Houran of whom it was possible to imagine that Oona could be afraid. She was singularly moved, however, she could not tell why, when she perceived, as they approached each other, that it was the same person who had come two nights before with the boat from Auchnasheen, and who had sought Walter on the isle. It had been too dark then to distinguish his features clearly, and yet she was very sure that it was he. In spite of herself, her heart beat at this encounter. She did not know what or who he was; but he was Walter's enemy and task-master, or so at least it was evident Lord Erradeen thought. She felt a nervous feeling steal over her as he came towards her, wondering would he speak to her, and what he would say. She did not, indeed, know him, having seen him only under such circumstances, but she could not keep the consciousness that she did know him, out of her face. It was with a still stronger throb of her heart that she saw he meant to claim the acquaintance.

"Good-evening," he said, taking off his hat, "I have not had the advantage of being presented to you, Miss Forrester: but we have met —"

"Yes," she said, with a momentary hesitation and faltering. She had so strong an impulse in her mind to turn and flee, that her amazement with herself was unbounded, and was indeed stronger than the fear.

"I hope," he said, "that nothing I have done or said has made you — afraid to meet me on this lonely road?"

This stirred up all Oona's pride and resolution. "I know no reason," she said, "why I should be afraid to meet any one, here or elsewhere."

"Ah, that is well," said the stranger; "but," he added, "let me tell you there are many reasons why a young lady so well endowed by nature as yourself might be timid of meeting a person of whom she knows nothing. Lord Erradeen, for instance, over whom you were throwing a shield of protection when I saw you last."

Oona felt her thrill of nervous disquietude give way to irritation as he spoke. She restrained with difficulty the impulse to answer hastily, and said after a moment, "I am at home here: there is no one who would venture, or who wishes to do me harm."

"Harm!" he said; "do you think it no harm to claim your interest, and sympathy, and help, and then without a thought to hurry away?"

"I do not know who you are," said Oona, looking into his face, "that ventures to speak to me so."

"No; you don't know who I am. I am — one of his family," said the stranger. "I have his interest at heart — and yours to a certain extent. I mean to make him rich and great, if he does as I say — but you are inciting him to rebellion. I know women, Miss Forrester. I know what it means when they foster benevolence in a young man, and accept commissions of charity."

Oona colored high with indignation and anger, but she was too proud to make any reply. The involuntary excitement, too, which had taken possession of her, she could not tell why, took away her breath. She was not afraid of the stranger, but it was irksome beyond description to her to see him stalk along by her side, and she quickened her pace in spite of herself. He laughed softly when he saw this. "You begin to think," he said, "that it is not so certain you will meet with no one who can do you harm."

"Do you mean to harm me?" she said, looking more closely in his face.

"You have a fine spirit," he replied. "What a pity then that you are harmed already, and such a vacancy left in your life."

The girl started and her heart began to beat wildly. She began "How do you?" — and then stopped short, fluttered and out of breath, not knowing what she said.

"How do I know? You have meddled in a life that does not concern you, and you will have to pay the penalty. After you have executed his commission, how blank everything will be! The past will not come back — it never comes back."

You will stay on your isle, and look for him, and he will never come. The ground has gone from under your feet — you are emptied out —” He laughed a little as he spoke, not malignantly, but as a not unfriendly eavesdropper might do who had heard some ridiculous confession. To have her own thoughts thus turned over before her filled her with strange dismay. She had no power to make any reply. Though there was no definite alarm in her mind, her panic gained upon her. She tried to say something, but the words would not come. The slight trembling which she could not conceal seemed to mollify her strange companion.

"I have no wish to hurt you," he said in a lofty tone. "What is done is done: but take care how you do more."

"I will take no care," cried Oona with a flash of sudden power. "I will do what is right, what I think right, and if I suffer it will be at my own pleasure. What I do can be nothing to you." As she spoke the panic which she had been struggling against overcame her powers of resistance wholly. She gathered up her dress in her hand and flew with the speed in which, for a short distance, a girl cannot be surpassed. But as she got out of the immediate oppression of this stranger's presence, her spirit returned to her with a sense of defiance and opposition which was almost gay. She looked back, and called out to him with a voice that rang like a silver trumpet, "Good-bye — good-night!" waving her hand as she flew along. The dark figure advanced not a step further, but stood still and watched, almost invisible himself against the quickly darkening background of the brushwood and the distance, the dim hills and gathering night.

From Temple Bar.

ROBERT HERRICK.

IN the works of Herrick we may find, to use his own expression, "much farcing buckram," but as Mr. Carew Hazlitt says in the preface to his excellent edition, "after all deductions which it is possible to make, what a noble salvage remains!" It is this noble salvage that a judicious selection has still to present to the general public. There is much in Herrick that is trivial, much that is coarse and indecent, and such a selection will be more than the whole.

Robert Herrick was born in 1591. He

came of an ancient Leicestershire stock. Nicholas Herrick, his father, was the son of John Herrick, who was mayor of Leicester, and a brother of Sir William Herrick, a distinguished individual in his day, and whom Nicholas Herrick made his executor. Nicholas married Julia Stone, and settled in Cheapside as a goldsmith. A certain John Milton, scrivener, would be a near neighbor of his. He died in 1592, from a fall from a window; and though the jury declared his death was accidental, there was ground for suspicion, and he had made a will two days before. He left some considerable property to his wife and children. It is a singular fact, and one which we cannot explain, that Herrick was thirty-six years of age when he discovered where his father was buried. See his poem "To the Reverend Shade of his Religious Father."

That for seven lustres I did never come
To do the rites to thy religious tomb ;
That neither hair was cut, or true tears shed,
By me o'er thee as justments to the dead,
Forgive, forgive me, since I did not know
Whether thy bones had here their rest or no.
But now 'tis known, behold, behold I bring
Unto thy ghost th' effused offering ;
And look, what smallage, nightshade, cypress,
^{yew,}
Unto the shades have been or now are due,
Here I devote, and something more than so :
I come to pay a debt of birth I owe.
Thou gav'st me life, but mortal : for that one
Favor I'll make full satisfaction :
For my life mortal, rise from out thy hearse,
And take a life immortal from my verse.

Herrick's brothers were — Thomas, who retired in good time from business, to enjoy a life in the country, and to whom is dedicated the noble Horatian epistle, which commences

Thrice and above blest, my soul's half, art
thou.

In thy both last and better vow ;
 Couldst leave the city, for exchange, to see
 The country's sweet simplicity ;

Nicholas, a Levant merchant; and one, younger than himself, a posthumous child, to whom is addressed his pathetic poem, "To his Dying Brother," worthy of Catullus's, its model.

Herrick was born in Cheapside. He speaks of

The golden Cheapside, where the earth
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.

This is the only allusion Herrick makes to his mother; which is the more curious, as he is usually liberal enough of verses to his friends. That he was educated at

Westminster is generally agreed. At the age of sixteen, in 1607, he was apprenticed to his uncle William, afterwards Sir William, who was a wealthy goldsmith. He seemed to have served out his time. But poets will be poets, and we are not surprised to hear that this apprenticeship was wasted, if indeed any experience of a poet can be said to be wasted. Herrick must have become familiar, during these eight years, with city life and men. Almost the whole of Shakespeare's dramatic career is covered by the period of Herrick's apprenticeship.

In 1614 the future cavalier singer was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge. There is no proof at all that he led an idle university life, but presumption to the contrary. He certainly spent much money in books, as we gather from his letters. He presently migrated to Trinity Hall, partly more effectually to study the law, partly from motives of economy; and in due course, in 1620, he took his master's degree. He appears to have remained at Cambridge till 1629, in which year he accepted the living of Dean Priors, in Devon. What he did during the interval, we do not know; doubtless he often visited London; and it may well have been on such occasions that he formed the acquaintance of Ben Jonson and his circle. What a look he cast back at these old times!

Ah, Ben,
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the *Sun*?

How much of this time he was in holy orders it is also impossible to determine.

To the period of Herrick's academical life belong the fourteen letters to his uncle which have been preserved. They are curious productions. Though chiefly requests for money—money which was probably his own, in his guardian's keeping—there is humor and character in these quaint epistles. We are interested to hear "how disfurnished I came to Cambridge, without bedding, (which I yet want,) and other necessities." And what guardian would have the heart to refuse a nephew, who writes: "My studie craves but your assistance to furnish her with bookes, wherein she is most desirous to labour?" And here, too, is exquisite fooling; Herrick's humor kept under his melancholy in these days: "Before you uncauld my letter (right worth) it cannot be doubted but you had perfect knowledg of

the essence of my writing, before you reade it." He proceeds to inform our "right worth" that he delights not to draw "your imagination to inextricable perplexities," but will expose "the literall sence, which is to entreat you to paye . . ." Or, again, we hear that, "*volens nolens*, it must be done, and as heretofore so now I desire your worship to paye . . ." So Herrick, good humoredly, parleys with his worthy relative, with whom he is evidently on the best of terms, of whom, in spite of his title, he is not a whit afraid: Herrick was always a man. One time it is books, another bedding; or he is "some-what deep into" his "tailour's debt," or he wishes to "keepe before hand with my tutor," or it is "unexpected occasion of chamber roome instigats me;" and he is "bold to saye that generous minds still have the best contentment."

Herrick was a staunch royalist, and was ejected from Dean Priors in 1648. He professes to have been glad to leave the churlish place, and be again a "Roman citizen." How he contrived to live in London, to which he went, we do not know. He may have had means by this time; he may have lived as did other literary Bohemians of his day. At least, it is reasonable to suppose that his wealthy relatives would not let him want. At once, on arrival in the city, perhaps with a view to profit, he published his poems in a collected form; and we cannot charge him with haste, for he was now fifty-seven. Indeed he was an old man now. Ben had been dead these ten years. Yet where are the poems Herrick must have written between 1648 and 1674? In 1660 he was reinstated in his vicarage, and after this his life is a blank to us; yet he lived till his eighty-fourth year, dying in 1674. In 1857, William Perry-Herrick, of Beaumanor Park, near Loughborough, erected a costly monument to his memory in Dean Priors church.

A village so pleasantly situated as Dean Priors, between Ashburton and Brent, among the spurs of Dartmoor, ought to have satisfied a more fastidious person than Robert Herrick. No doubt he often sighed for the rollicking companionship and jovial cheer of his city friends. Ben Jonson was even as a god to this votary of Bacchus and the Muse.

HIS PRAYER to BEN JONSON.

When I a verse shall make,
Know, I have pray'd thee,
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me,

Make the way smooth to me,
When I, thy Herrick,
Honoring thee, on my knee
Offer my lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,
And a new altar;
And thou, Saint Ben, shall be
Writ in my Psalter.*

We can understand why he sings, —

I have been and still am sad,
In this dull Devonshire;

and we are not astonished to be told,
when he actually returns to London, —

Ravish'd in spirit I come, nay more, I fly
To thee, blest place of my nativity.

And yet we suspect his grumblings, of
which there are so many in his book, are
little more, in fact, than occasional fits of
ill-humor.

Thy rocky bottom, that doth tear thy streams,
is but a half-hearted reproach to Dean
bourn, which he probably loved devotedly;
and when he says,

Rocky thou art, and rocky we discover
Thy men, and rocky are thy ways all over,

we cannot help surmising he is laughing
in his sleeve, and would have the grim
Puritan think he goes forth with little
regret. Herrick was a lover of nature.
Flowers and country customs had much
of his heart. In these regions he con-
fesses he invented

such

Ennobled numbers for the press

as he did nowhere else, which directly
contradicts an opposite statement, made
in a melancholy mood. The reader can
compare his "Lacrymae; or, Mirth turned
to Mourning," with "Discontents in Devon."
We even catch him on one occasion,
in a little poem, "To Larr," lamenting
to leave his old Devon home. And
as soon as he could he returned, being
now near seventy, to finish his protracted
term of life, even without his Prue, in
this same Dean Priors, in which he had
formerly expressed a wish to

resojourn, when

Rocks turn to rivers, rivers turn to men.

Our good vicar's parishioners may have
been uncouth enough. Certainly he does
not spare them in the verses which he

* "Après une jeunesse dissipée, il entra dans les
ordres et devint vicaire de Dean Prior, tout en continu-
ant d'écrire des vers profanes." — Vapereau's *Dictionnaire des Littératures*.

wrote, and which their descendants for-
givingly remembered, and quoted with
delight to Mr. Barron Field, in 1810: —

A people currish, churlish as the seas,
And rude almost as rudest savages.

Very likely many of them were rather
coarse, but Herrick himself was not
squeamish. Nothing in Dean Priors
could well have exceeded the coarseness
of its vicar's epigrams, which, indeed, the
villagers very likely often suggested, and
doubtless laughed over. How amusing it
must have been to them to hear "Much-
more" gravely told to

pay his tithes, then try

How both his meal and oil will multiply!

How they would chuckle over Gubbs!

Gubbs calls his children kittlings, and would
bound
(Some say) for joy, to see these kittlings
drown'd.

With what a grotesque side-way look
they would eye Guesse, as they passed
him in the tavern doorway!

Guesse cuts his shoes, and limping goes about,
To have men think he's troubled with the
gout;
But 'tis no gout, believe it, but hard beer,
Whose acrimonious humor bites him here.

"I look down towards his feet, but
that's a fable." And was Comely, by
hazard, in the Dean Priors quire?

Comely acts well; and when he speaks his
part,

He doth it with the sweetest tones of art:
But when he sings a psalm, there's none can
be
More curst for singing out of tune than he.

The simple folk who attended the church
with the "small bell" and "little spire,"
must have been unlike most rustics, if
they were not a little stupid on occasion,
and we quite believe the tradition of the
vicar's sermon being hurled at the heads
of his flock. Yet, after all, it is probable
he liked them. He was just the man to
like them. And they liked him. He tells
us, —

The threshold of my door
Is worn by th' poor
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.

He had a kind heart. He led a simple
life. He did his duty, we have not the
slightest doubt, honestly as vicar, if his
sermons, when not humorous or personal,
proved — though why should we suppose
it? — occasionally dull. In his "Fare.

well unto Poetry," we see Herrick entering on his sacred duties with more than serious resolves. That

The crown of duty is our duty,

is perhaps the noblest thought in his works. His "pious pieces," as he calls them, are evidently sincere, if at times conceited or strained. His churls loved him, and with reason. His poems on old English customs, on special festivals and occasions, his charms, his witty epigrams, his prayers for the use of children and old women, were in all their mouths and written for them. He addresses his muse on one occasion, telling her 'twere better

to stay at home,
Where thou may'st sit, and piping please
The poor and private cottages.

We are not in the least surprised to hear from Mr. Field that his ghost, in 1810, was still about the village, that an old dame of ninety-nine, who could not read, could repeat many of his verses, that she used his "Litany to the Holy Spirit" as a prayer, and knew all about his pet pig, which he taught (and we believe this implicitly) to drink out of a tankard.

Herrick lived after a plain fashion in his "loathed west." In his "Thanksgiving to God for his House," and elsewhere, we are admitted into his domestic penitentialia. In one of his poems we are informed that he had no clock, but rejoiced in the possession of a goose, a lamb, a cat, a dog, and other treasures, among which was a tame sparrow, for its death is on record. However, with what he has he lives content.

Though ne'er so mean the viands be,
They well content my Prue and me.

This Prue, or Prudence Baldwin, his maid, seems to have been not the least valuable of his chattels. Her goodness in life, and her death, he sings with touching simplicity. We are afforded a curious and lucid glimpse of the true man, in part concealed by the classic, the priest, and the vicar, in his little poem "Upon Prudence Baldwin her Sickness:"—

Prue, my dearest maid, is sick,
Almost to be lunatic:
Æsculapius, come and bring
Means for her recovering;
And a gallant cock shall be
Offered up by her to thee.

Imagine some stiff-collared vicar of to-day penning, in his study, this of his maid! There is a charming little poem

on Prue's death, which we cannot forbear to quote:—

UPON PRUE, HIS MAID.

In this little urn is laid
Prudence Baldwin, once my maid,
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

Herrick was never married. His Sapphos, his Dianemes, his Anthreas, his Perillas, even his Julia herself, could not change his determination to die a bachelor. On this theme he enlarges in quite ungallant fashion. "Rather than love," he exclaims, "let me be ever lost."

The only comfort of my life
Is, that I never yet had wife.

Or hear again:—

A bachelor I will
Live as I have lived still,
And never take a wife
To crucify my life.

He is never tired of the subject, but there is an air of constraint in his treatment of it that puts one in mind of the celebrated fable.

Of Herrick's life in London we can only catch glimpses from his works. During the years from 1620 to 1629 it must have been at its best. He seems to have been on friendly terms with the best musicians of the day. He knew Ben Jonson, Cotton, Denham, and many others. He talks, in his poem called "His Age," of

high sons of pith,
Whose fortunes I have frolicked with.

He admired, and probably had met, Fletcher, the dramatist. Probably, although he never alludes to him, he had seen Shakespeare; he was twenty-five when the great genius died, and twenty-three of these years he had lived in London.

The first edition of Shakespeare's collected works appeared in Herrick's thirty-second year. Milton was a recluse. Yet Herrick must often have heard of the Latin secretary during the kingless days of his last London experience, and may have turned in the Cambridge streets to wonder at the long locks of the future author of "Lycidas."

Herrick addresses with familiarity many great personages. Some of them were patrons of literature, and are commended by him for not merely praising but paying their clients. "You, my lord," thus he addresses the Earl of Pembroke,

are one whose hand along
Goes with your mouth, or does outrun your
tongue;

Paying before you praise, and cockering wit,
Give both the gold and garland unto it.

Nor is the commoner behindhand with
the lord. "The patron of poets, Mr. En-
dymion Porter," affords, also, we find,

Not only subject matter for our wit,
But likewise oil of maintenance to it.

Perhaps Herrick benefited by the like
generosity in the evil days of the Com-
monwealth, but these poems refer to an
earlier time.

What connection had Herrick with the
court? We cannot tell. That he had
some connection with it, is plain. In his
"Noble Numbers" he says:—

How am I bound to two! God, who doth give
The mind; the King, the means whereby I live.

This may very possibly be only an ex-
treme expression of loyalty, but it may
also imply more. Was it this line only
which gave rise to the belief that the king
procured him the living of Dean Priors?
In another place he speaks of himself as
"the princely poet;" and this too may
imply little: he styles himself elsewhere
"the lyric prophet." It is certain, how-
ever, that his pieces were often set to
music, and performed in the presence of
the king, in chapel or at court. He speaks
somewhat familiarly of royal folk. He
alludes to the future James II. as "the
chick of Jove;" and in the curious laconic
phrase he uses on one occasion,

C. M. remember me!

"C.M." are Charles I. and Henrietta Ma-
ria his queen.

Herrick always remained a staunch
royalist, though we might conclude, from
what we may call his political aphorisms,
that he had occasional qualms.

KINGS AND TYRANTS.

'Twixt kings and tyrants there's this difference
known,
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their
own.

MODERATION.

In things a moderation keep:
Kings ought to shear not skin their sheep.

Yet Herrick never dreamed of turning
his coat. A year before the execution of
the king he dedicated his poems to Prince
Charles. This must, indeed, have been a
favorable time for publishing his verses,
doubtless well known: his means were
certainly straitened, for this was the year

of his ejection; and the cavaliers would
buy the songs of the singer who stood
by the king, and whom the king had de-
lighted to honor.

It is from his works we shall have also
to form our idea of Herrick's character
as a man.

Tender and human-hearted, Herrick
truly describes his own, when he offers to
Anthea

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,

A heart as sound and free,

As in the whole world thou canst find.

"Sound," is verily the word. His heart
was sound. There is a naive simplicity,
a manly honesty, in all that he says. We
feel there is no afterthought. His nature
is perfectly transparent. What could
excel, for tender and noble pathos, for
native simplicity, the little poem "To his
Maid Prew"?—

These summer birds did with thy master stay
The times of warmth, but then they flew away;
Leaving their poet, being now grown old,
Exposed to all the coming winter's cold:
But thou, kind Prew, didst with my fates abide,
As well the winter's as the summer's tide;
For which thy love live with thy master here,
Not two but all the seasons of the year.

There are two phases a nature such as
this will at times inevitably exhibit—the
humorous and the melancholic. In Her-
rick we find both strongly brought out.

It is possible Herrick performed in a
rough and original way his clerical duties,
but that it was always kindly, cheerfully,
and in all sincerity, we have no doubt.
We must admit, too, that his mode of life
embodied much of the wiser philosophy
of Horace and Martial. Indeed, we can-
not but recognize a better spirit than
theirs in Herrick's Christian resignation,
which adds a new and priceless charm to
the virtues which were heathen.

On the other hand, having so far been
very willing to praise, we are constrained
to admit that we do not find much trace
of any high or noble purpose in Herrick's
life. There is nothing heroic in his char-
acter. We must perforce condemn him
as an idle singer in a serious age: what
age more so! He was not, we must con-
fess, a great man; nor had he, indeed, an
intellect of a high order. His attempts at a
deeper thought, alike in his sacred and in
his secular productions, strike us as fee-
ble. He was a man who must have been
familiar with Shakespeare's best works,
yet he preferred Ben Jonson and Beau-
mont and Fletcher. What worse could be
said?

And he was coarse. One wonders that a man who could exhibit such delicacy at times, could at others be so disgusting—coarse is too weak a word. His indecency may have been the fault of his age, but his coarseness was his own. Of his morals we can form no safe opinion. We do not for a moment suppose them to have been so degraded as some editors are inclined to hint. We give him credit for speaking the truth, when he says:—

Our lives do differ from our lines by much.

But we cannot help indulging in a little suppressed laugh, when he speaks of himself as "the bashful muse:—"

Since that name does fit
Best with those virgin-verses thou hast writ.

And when he says, in imitation of his Latin friends,—

To his book's end this last line he'd have placed:

"Jocund his muse was, but his life was chaste,"

we are inclined to remind him of the criticism of Muretus: "One seldom lives like *Cato*, who sings like *Catullus*."

Some of Herrick's poems had been printed, in various publications, previous to his ejection, but the first separate and collected edition appeared in 1648. The title of this octavo was "Hesperides; or, the Works both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq." The "Divine" portion was honored with a separate title: "His Noble Numbers; or, his Pious Pieces, wherein (amongst other things) He sings the Birth of his Christ: and sighes for his Saviour's suffering on the Crosse." He tells us that the poems penned by his "wanton wit" are three times as numerous as the rest; and this is under the estimate. He would console us with the consideration that "things precious are least numerous," but there is no need; according to our judgment, the "Divine" poems must be pronounced inferior to the "Humane," on the whole.

After careful reflection, we venture to declare Herrick the most genuine of the minor poets of his day. When at his best he is singularly pathetic and delicate. His lyrics "To Violets," and "To the Virgins, to make much of time" ("Gather ye roses while ye may"), are as exquisite as the best, in the same strain, of the sixteenth-century French singers. There is a charming freshness and spontaneity about his verses. Every changing mood of his mind, merry or sad, roystering or wayward, is vividly expressed in

his vigorous and musical lines. He has a fine vein of fancy, and knows how to produce most dainty effects. Many of his lyrics are worthy to be placed by the side of Shakespeare's and Fletcher's, which are often inferior to them in finish. Especially we ask the reader's notice for "To Music, to becalm his Fever," "To Daffodils," "To his Maid Prew," "A Dialogue between Himself and Mistress Eliza: Wheeler, under the name of Amarillis," "To Primroses fill'd with Morning Dew," "The Primrose," "To Blossoms," "To Meadows," "Corinna's going a-Maying."

Many good poets have written too many poems. There is much of such great ones, even, as Wordsworth and Shakespeare, which might be destroyed without detriment to their fame. The statement is certainly true of Herrick. His tedious stories, after certain classic models, of Venuses and Cupids, of how roses became red, and primroses yellow, we could well dispense with. His ever reiterated conceits of strawberries in cream, of things seen through lawn, of frying, of freeing, of odors of his Julias, are very wearisome indeed. His coarseness and indecency, his many verses written merely for the sake of writing, may pass without comment. And to the same limbo of pitiful immortality we fear must be added much of his court verse. That his loyalty was genuine we do not doubt, but that his panegyrics on these great people are generally conventional, are occasionally maudlin, and are often fulsome, is equally indisputable. Our eyes are inclined to open rather wide, when Charles I., on "His coming with his Army into the West," is informed that

A deal of courage in each bosom springs,
By your access, O you, the best of kings.

Yet, after all, this may be said sincerely enough.

Herrick has been styled "the English *Catullus*." The resemblance is more plausible than real. No doubt Martial and Ovid, *Catullus*, *Propertius*, and *Tibullus*, and the minor Greek singers, were his favorites and his models. But with all his imitation, Herrick remains original. His Anacreontic vein still reminds us more of Robert Herrick than of Anacreon. He has more of pathos and sweetness than Horace. His humor, such as it is, is quite his own. His descriptions of English life, whatever models he had, still remain essentially English.

With a very few miscellaneous indica-

tions of the range of Herrick's work, we will conclude our notice.

Herrick's most truly poetical productions fall under the head of pathetic and fanciful. These, the noblest offspring of his genius, remind us of morning dew and evening dew, of shady woods and cool, moss-covered springs. His poems of fairyland we cannot praise too highly for their dainty fancies. They appeared first in print in 1635, inserted, with some poems on like subjects by other writers, in "A Description of the King and Queene of Fayries, their habit, fare, their abode, pompe, and state. Beeing very delightful to the sense, and full of mirth."

Herrick's "Epitaphs" are exquisite graveyard flowers. They are totally unlike other men's productions in this kind. For example:—

TO A VIRGIN.

Here a solemn fast we keep,
Where all beauty lies asleep;
Hush'd be all things—no noise here,
But the falling of a tear,
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering.

Herrick's "Eclogues," in imitation of classic models, have a quaint ease and grace essentially their own, and his "Epistles," inspired by the manlier work of his old Roman friends, are full of vigor. His "Odes and Songs" are poems of a lighter kind, and present much sameness. We have also his encomiastic verses, his royalist effusions, his poems personal and special, his poems on old English customs, and his epithalamia. We must not forget to mention some two hundred and fifty two-lined aphorisms, or wise sayings, scattered through his works. These are seldom *very* wise. Metaphysical depth and close observation were not his strong points.

Some of Herrick's epigrams we have quoted. They are strange and quaint. They are characteristic, too, as indicating unmistakably the satyr side of his nature. The hideous likeness of Herrick, prefixed to his works—and we rather wonder, as we look at it, that the maids could set such store on him as he would have us believe—would form an admirable frontispiece to this portion of his efforts. *Spunge, Skurf, Spur, Chub, Hog, Trap, Tubbs, Raggs, Mudge*, and the like, smack, as we have said, of his Devon churls, and remind us of the "Athenian youth," drawn forth to "merriments" in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Herrick's sacred poems, of which we

have already incidentally spoken, have often much merit. We cannot doubt their sincerity. But they are mostly strained, and show Herrick ill at ease. They are strangely disfigured with conceits, and the best of them are half secular. When we hear the bard craving

One only lock of that sweet hay
Whereon the blessed baby lay,

we see that even a reverential spirit may exceed reasonable bounds.

T. ASHE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LADIES LINDORES.

CHAPTER XLVI.

AFTER this there ensued a brief pause in the history of the family in all its branches: it was a pause ominous, significant—like the momentary hush before a storm, or the torrent's smoothness ere it dashes below. The house of Lindores was like a besieged stronghold, mined, and on the eve of explosion. Trains were laid in all directions under its doomed bastions, and the merest breath, a flash of lightning, a touch of electricity anywhere, would be enough to bring down its defences in thunders of ruin. It seemed to stand in a silence that could be felt, throwing up its turrets against the dull sky—a foreboding about it which could not be shaken off. From every side assaults were preparing. The one sole defender of the stronghold felt all round him the storm which was brewing, but could not tell when or how it was to burst forth.

The others were all heavy with their secrets—all holding back something—afraid to divulge the separate course which each planned to take for themselves. A family will sometimes go on like this for a long time with the semblance of natural union and household completeness, while it has in reality dropped to pieces, and holds together only out of timidity or reluctance on the part of its members to burst the bonds of tradition, of use and wont. But on one point they were still united. Carry was the one subject upon which all were on the alert, and all agreed. Rintoul had no eyes for Edith's danger, and Edith—notwithstanding many an indication which would have been plain enough to her in other circumstances—never even suspected him; but about Carry the uneasiness was

general. "What is that fellow doing hanging about the place? — he's up to no good," Rintoul said, even in the midst of his own overwhelming embarrassments. "I wonder," was Lady Lindores's way of putting it — not without a desire to make it apparent that she disapproved of some one else — "I wonder how John Erskine, knowing so much as he does, can encourage Mr. Beaufort to stay." "Mamma! how can you suppose he encourages him — can he turn him out of his house?" cried Edith, flaming up in instant defence of her lover, and feeling her own guilt and hidden consciousness in every vein. There was no tender lingering now upon Beaufort's name, no hesitation or slip into the familiar "Edward." As for Rintoul, he had been providentially, as he felt, delivered from the necessity of speaking to his father of his own concerns, by being called away suddenly to the aid of a brother officer in trouble. It tore his heart, indeed, to be out of reach of Nora; but as Nora would not see him, the loss was less than it might have been, and the delay a gain. Edith's story was in abeyance altogether; and their mourning, though it was merely of the exterior, brought a pause in the ordinary intercourse of social life. They did not go out, nor receive their neighbors — it was decorous to refrain even from the very mild current of society in the country. And this, indeed, it was which made the pause possible. Lord Lindores was the only member of the family who carried on his usual activities unbroken, or even stimulated by the various catastrophes that had occurred. He was more anxious than ever about the county hospitals and the election that must take place next year; and he began to employ and turn to his own advantage the important influence of the Tinto estate, which he, as the little heir's grandfather, was certainly entitled, he thought, to consider as his own. Little Tommy was but four; and though, by a curious oversight, Lord Lindores had not been named as a guardian, he was, of course, in the circumstances, his daughter's natural guardian, who was Tommy's. This accession of power almost consoled him for the destruction of his hopes in respect to Millefeurs. He reflected that, after all, it was a more legitimate way of making himself indispensable to his country, to wield the influence of a great landed proprietor, than by any merely domestic means; and with Tinto in his hands, as well as Lindores, no man in the county could stand against him. The advantage

was all the greater, since Pat Torrance had been on the opposite side of politics, so that this might reasonably be concluded a county gained to the government. To be sure, Lord Lindores was far too high-minded, and also too safe a man, to intimidate, much less bribe. But a landlord's legitimate influence is never to be undervalued; and he felt sure that many men who had been kept under, in a state of neutrality, at least, by Torrance's rough and brutal partisanship, would now be free to take the popular side, as they had always wished to do. The influence of Tinto, which he thus appropriated, more than doubled his own in a moment. There could not have been a more perfect godsend to him than Torrance's death.

But the more he perceived and felt the importance of this, the more did the presence of Beaufort disturb and alarm him. It became daily a more urgent subject in the family. When Lord Lindores got vague information that Carry had met somewhere her old lover on the roadside — which somebody, of course, saw and reported, though it did not reach his ears till long after — his dim apprehensions blazed into active alarm. He went to his wife in mingled anger and terror. To him, as to so many husbands, it always appeared that adverse circumstances were more or less his wife's fault. He told her what he had heard in a tempest of indignation. "You must tell her it won't do. You must let her know that it's indecent, that it's shameful. Good heavens, just think what you are doing! — letting your daughter, your own daughter, disgrace herself in the sight of the whole county. Talk about the perceptions of women! they have no perceptions — they have no moral sense, I believe. Tell Carry I will not have it. If you don't, I must interfere." Lady Lindores received this fulmination with comparative silence. She scarcely said anything in her own defence. She was afraid to speak lest she should betray that she had known more than her husband knew, and was still more deeply alarmed than he was. She said, "You are very unjust," but she said no more. That evening she wrote an anxious note to John Erskine; the next day she drove to Tinto with more anxiety than hope. Already a great change had come over that ostentatious place. The great rooms were shut up; the less magnificent ones had already begun to undergo a transformation. The large, meaningless ornaments were being carried away. An air

of home and familiar habitation had come about the house. Carry, in her widow's cap, had begun to move lightly up and down with a step quite unlike the languor of her convalescence. She was not convalescent any longer, but had begun to bloom with a soft color and subdued air of happiness out of the cloud that had enveloped her so long. To see her so young (for her youth seemed to have come back), so fresh and almost gay, gave a wonderful pang of mingled pain and delight to her mother's heart: it showed what a hideous cloud that had been in which her life had been swallowed up, and to check her in her late and dearly bought renewal of existence was hard, and took away all Lady Lindores's courage. But she addressed herself to her task with all the strength she could muster. "My darling, I am come to — talk to you," she said.

"I hope so, mother dear; don't you always talk to me? and no one so sweetly," Carry said, with her lips upon her mother's cheek, in that soft forestalling of all rebuke which girls know the secret of. Perhaps she suspected something of what was coming, and would have stopped it if she could.

"Ah, Carry! but it is serious — very serious, dear: how am I to do it?" cried Lady Lindores. "The first time I see light in my child's eye and color on her cheek, how am I to scold and threaten? You know I would not if I could help it, my Carry, my darling."

"Threaten, mamma! Indeed, that is not in your way."

"No, no; it is not. But you are mother enough yourself to know that when anything is wrong we must give our darlings pain even for their own dear sakes. Isn't it so, Carry? There are things that a mother cannot keep still and see her dear child do."

Carry withdrew from behind her mother's chair where she had seen standing with one arm round her, and the other tenderly smoothing down the fur round Lady Lindores's throat. She came and sat down opposite to her mother, facing her, clasping her hands together, and looking at her with an eager look as if to anticipate the censure in her eyes. To meet that gaze which she had not seen for so long, which came from Carry's youth and happier days, became more and more difficult every moment to Lady Lindores.

"Carry, I don't know how to begin. You know, my darling, that — your father

is unhappy about you. He thinks, you know, — perhaps more than you or I might do, — of what people will say."

"Yes, mother."

Carry gave her no assistance, but sat looking at her with lips apart, and that eager look in her eyes — the look that in old times had given such a charm to her face, as if she would have read your thought before it came to words.

"Carry, dear, I am sure you know what I mean. You know — Mr. Beaufort is at Dalrulzian."

"Edward? Yes, mother," said Carry, a blush springing up over her face; but for all that she did not shrink from her mother's eyes. And then her tone sunk into infinite softness, "Poor Edward! is there any reason why he shouldn't be there?"

"Oh, Carry!" cried Lady Lindores, wringing her hands, "you know well enough — there can only be one reason why, in the circumstances, he should wish to continue there."

"I think I heard that my father had invited him, mamma."

"Yes. I was very much against it. That was when he was supposed to be with Lord Millefleurs — when it was supposed, you know, that Edith — and your father could not ask the one without asking the other."

"In short," said Carry in her old, eager way, "it was when his coming here was misery to me, — when it might have been made the cause of outrage and insult to me, — when there were plans to wring my heart, to expose me to — Oh, mother, what are you making me say? It is all over, and I want to think only charitably, only kindly. My father would have done it for his own plans. And now he objects when he has nothing to do with it."

"Carry, take care, take care. There can never be a time in which your father has nothing to do with you: if he thinks you are forgetting — what is best in your position — or giving people occasion to talk."

"I have been told here," said Carry, with a shiver, looking round her, "that no one was afraid I would go wrong; oh no — that no one was afraid of that. I was too proud for that." The color all ebbed away from her face; she raised her head higher and higher. "I was told — that it was very well known there was no fear of that; but that it would be delightful to watch us together, to see how we would manage to get out of it, — and that we should be thrown together every day.

That—oh no—there was no fear I should go wrong! This was all said to your daughter, mother; and it was my father's pleasure that it should be so."

"Oh Carry, my poor darling! No, dear—no, no. Your father never suspected——"

"My father did not care. He thought, too, that there was no fear I should go wrong. Wrong!" Carry cried, starting from her seat in her sudden passion. "Do you know, mother, that the worst wrong I could have done with Edward would have been whiteness, innocence itself, to what you have made me do—oh, what you have made me do, all those hideous, horrible years!"

Lady Lindores rose too, her face working piteously, the tears standing in her eyes. She held out her hands in appeal, but said nothing, while Carry, pale, with her eyes shining, poured forth her wrong and her passion. She stopped herself, however, with a violent effort. "I do not want even to think an unkind thought," she said, "now: oh no, not an unkind thought. It is over now—no blame, no reproach; only peace—peace. That is what I wish. I only admire," she cried with a smile, "that my father should have exposed me to all that in the lightness of his heart and without a compunction; and then, when God has interfered—when death itself has sheltered and protected me—that he should step in, *par exemple*, in his fatherly anxiety, now!"

"You must not speak so of your father, Carry," said Lady Lindores; "his ways of thinking may not be yours—or even mine: but if you are going to scorn and defy him, it must not be to me."

Carry put her mother down in her chair again with soft, caressing hands, kissing her in an *accès* of mournful tenderness. "You have it all to bear, mother dear—both my indignation and his—what shall I call it?—his over-anxiety for me; but listen, mother, it is all different now. Everything changes. I don't know how to say it to you, for I am always your child, whatever happens; but, mamma, don't you think there is a time when obedience—is reasonable no more?"

"It appears that Edith thinks so too," Lady Lindores said gravely. "But, Carry, surely your father may advise—and I may advise. There will be remarks made,—there will be gossip, and even scandal. It is so soon, not more than a month. Carry, dear, I think I am not hard; but you must not—indeed you must not—"

"What, mother?" said Carry, standing

before her proudly with her head aloft. Lady Lindores gazed at her, all inspired and glowing, trembling with nervous energy and life. She could not put her fears, her suspicions, into words. "She did not know what to say. What was it she wanted to say? to warn her against—what? There are times in which it is essential for us to be taken, as the French say, at the half-word, not to be compelled to put our terrors or our hopes into speech. Lady Lindores could not name the ultimate object of her alarm. It would have been brutal. Her lips would not have framed the words."

"You know what I mean, Carry; you know what I mean," was all that she could say.

"It is hard," Carry said, "that I should have to divine the reproach and then reply to it. I think that is too much, mother. I am doing nothing which I have any reason to blush for;" but as she said this, she did blush, and put her hands up to her cheeks to cover the flame. Perhaps this sign of consciousness convinced the mind which Lady Lindores only excited, for she said suddenly, with a tremulous tone: "I will not pretend to misunderstand you, mamma. You think Edward should go away. From your point of view it is a danger to me. But we do not see it in that light. We have suffered a great deal, both he and I. Why should he forsake me when he can be a comfort to me now?"

"Carry, Carry!" cried her mother in horror—"a comfort to you! when it is only a month, scarcely a month, since—"

"Don't speak of that," Carry cried, putting up her hands. "What if it had only been a day? What is it to me what people think? Their thinking never did me any good while I had to suffer,—why should I pay any attention to it now?"

"But we must, so long as we live in the world at all, pay attention to it," cried Lady Lindores, more and more distressed; "for your own sake, my dearest, for your children's sake."

"My children!—what do they know? they are babies. For my own sake! Whether is it better, do you think, to be happy or to be miserable, mother? I have tried the other so long, I want to be happy now. I mean," said Carry, clasping her hands, "to be happy now. Is it good to be miserable? Why should I? Even self-sacrifice must have an object. Why should I, why should I? Give me a reason for it, and I will think; but you give me no reason!" she cried, and broke

off abruptly, her agitated countenance shining in a sort of rosy cloud.

There was a pause, and they sat and gazed at each other, or, at least, the mother gazed at Carry with all the dismay of a woman who had never offended against the proprieties in her life, and yet could not but feel the most painful sympathy with the offender. And not only was she anxious about the indecorum of the moment, but full of disturbed curiosity to know if any determination about the future had been already come to. On this subject, however, she did not venture to put any question, or even suggest anything that might precipitate matters. Oh, if John Erskine would but obey her — if he would close his doors upon the intruder; oh, if he himself (poor Edward! her heart bled for him too, though she tried to thwart him) would but see what was right, and go away!

"Dear," said Lady Lindores, faltering, "I did not say you might not meet — whoever you pleased — in a little while. Of course, nobody expects you at your age to bury yourself. But in the circumstances — at such a moment — indeed, indeed, Carry, I think he would act better, more like what we had a right to expect of him, if he were to consider you before himself, and go away."

"What we had a right to expect! What had you a right to expect? What have you ever done for him but betray him?" cried Carry, in her agitation. She stopped to get breath, to subdue herself, but it was not easy. "Mother, I am afraid of you," she said. "I might have stood against my father if you had backed me up. I am afraid of you. I feel as if I ought to fly away from you, to hide myself somewhere. You might make me throw away my life again, — buy it from me with a kiss and a smile. Oh no, no!" she cried, almost violently; "no, no, I will not let my happiness go again!"

"Carry, what is it? what is it? What are you going to do?"

Carry did not reply; her countenance was flushed and feverish. She rose up and stood with her arm on the mantelpiece, looking vaguely into her own face in the mirror. "I will not let my happiness go again," she said, over and over to herself.

John Erskine carried his own reply to Lady Lindores's letter before she returned from this expedition to Tinto. He, too, was one of those who felt for Lady Car an alarm which neither she nor Beaufort shared; and he had already been so offi-

cious as to urge strongly on his guest the expediency of going away, — advice which Beaufort had not received in, as people say, the spirit in which it was given. He had not been impressed by his friend's disinterested motives and anxiety to serve his true interests, and had roundly declared that he would leave Dalruizian if Erskine pleased, but no one should make him leave the neighborhood while he could be of the slightest comfort to her. John was not wholly disinterested, perhaps, any more than Beaufort. He seized upon Lady Lindores's letter as the pretext for a visit. He had not been admitted lately when he had gone to Lindores — the ladies had been out, or they had been engaged, or Lord Lindores had seized hold upon him about county business; and since the day when they parted at Miss Barbara's door, he had never seen Edith save for a moment. He set off eagerly, without, it is to be feared, doing anything to carry out Lady Lindores's injunctions. Had he not exhausted every argument? He hurried off to tell her so, to consult with her as to what he could do. Anything that brought him into contact and confidential intercourse with either mother or daughter was a happiness to him. And he made so much haste that he arrived at Lindores before she had returned from Tinto. The servant who opened the door to him was young and indiscreet. Had the butler been at hand, as it was his duty to be, it is possible that what was about to happen might never have happened. But it was a young footman, a native, one who was interested in the family, and liked to show his interest. "Her ladyship's no' at home, sir," he said to John; "but," he added, with a glow of pleasure, "Lady Edith is in the drawing-room." It may be supposed that John was not slow to take advantage of this intimation. He walked quite decorously after the man, but he felt as if he were tumbling head over heels in his eagerness to get there. When the door was closed upon them, and Edith, rising against the light at the end of the room, in front of a great window, turned to him with a little tremulous cry of wonder and confusion, is it necessary to describe their feelings? John took her hands into both of his without any further preliminaries, saying, "At last!" with an emotion and delight so profound that it brought the tears to his eyes. And Edith, for her part, said nothing at all — did not even look at him in her agitation. There had been no direct declaration, proposal, acceptance between

them. There was nothing of the kind now. Amid all the excitements and anxieties of the past weeks, these prefaces of sentiment seemed to have been jumped over—to have become unnecessary. They had been long parted, and they had come together “at last!”

It may probably be thought that this was abrupt,—too little anxious and doubtful on his part, too ready and yielding on hers. But no law can be laid down in such cases, and they had a right, like other people, to their own way. And then the meeting was so unexpected, he had not time to think how a lover should look, nor she to remember what punctilios a lady should require. That a man should go down on his knees to prefer his suit had got to be old-fashioned in the time of their fathers and mothers. In Edith's days, the straightforwardness of a love in which the boy and girl had first met in frank equality, and afterwards the man and woman in what they considered to be honest friendship and liking, was the best understood phase. They were to each other the only possible mates, the most perfect companions in the world.

“I have so wanted to speak to you,” he cried; “in all that has happened this is what I have wanted; everything would have been bearable if I could have talked it over,—if I could have explained everything to *you*.”

“But I understood all the time,” Edith said.

There is something to be said perhaps for this kind of love-making too.

And the time flew as never time flew before—as time has always flown under such circumstances; and it began to grow dark before they knew: for the days were creeping in, growing short, and the evenings long. It need not be said that they liked the darkness—it was more delightful than the finest daylight; but it warned them that they might be interrupted at any moment, and ought to have put them on their guard. Lady Lindores might come in, or even Lord Lindores, which was worse; or, short of those redoubtable personages, the servants might make a sudden invasion to close the windows, which would be worst of all: even this fear, however, did not break the spell which enveloped them. They were at the end of the room, up against the great window, which was full of the grey evening sky, and formed the most dangerous background in the world to a group of two figures very close together, forming but one outline against the light. They

might, one would think, have had sense enough to recollect that they were thus at once made evident to whosoever should come in. But they had no sense, nor even caution enough, to intermit their endless talking, whispering, now and then, and listen for a moment to anything which might be going on behind them. When it occurred to Edith to point out how dark it was getting, John had just then entered upon a new chapter, and found another branch of the subject upon which there were volumes to say.

“For look here,” he said, “what will your father say to me, Edith? I am neither rich nor great. I am not good enough for you in any way. No—no man is good enough for a girl like you—but I don't mean that. When I came first to Dalrulzian and saw what a little place it was, I was sick with disgust and disappointment. I know why now—it was because it was not good enough for you. I roam all over it every day thinking and thinking—it is not half good enough for her. How can I ask her to go there? How can I ask her father?”

“Oh, how can you speak such nonsense, John. If it is good enough for you, it is good enough for me. If a room is big or little, what does that matter? And as for my father——”

“It is your father I am afraid of,” John said. “I think Lady Lindores would not mind; but your father will think it is throwing you away. He will think I am not good enough to tie your shoe,—and he will be quite right—quite right,” cried the young man with fervor.

“In that case,” said a voice behind them in the terrible twilight—a voice, at the sound of which their arms unclasped, their hands leapt asunder as by an electric shock; never was anything more sharp, more acrid, more incisive, than the sound,—“in that case, Mr. Erskine, your duty as a gentleman is very clear before you. There is only one thing to do—go! the way is clear!”

“Lord Lindores!” John had made a step back in his dismay, but he still stood against the light, his face turned, astonished, towards the shadows close by him, which had approached without warning. Edith had melted and disappeared away into the gloom, where there was another shadow apart from the one which confronted John, catching on the whiteness of its countenance all the light in the indistinct picture. A sob, a quickened breathing in the background, gave some consciousness of support to the unfortu-

nate young hero so rudely awakened out of his dream, but that was all.

"Her father, at your service, — entertaining exactly the sentiments that you have attributed to him, and only surprised that with such just views, a man who calls himself a gentleman —"

"Robert!" came from behind in a voice of keen remonstrance; and "Father!" with a cry of indignation.

"That a man who calls himself a gentleman," said Lord Lindores deliberately, "should play the domestic traitor, and steal into the affections — what she calls her heart, I suppose — of a silly girl!"

Before John could reply, his outline against the window had again become double. Edith stood beside him, erect, with her arm within his. The touch filled the young man with a rapture of strength and courage. He stopped her as she began to speak. "Not you, dearest, not you; I," he said. "Lord Lindores, I am guilty. It is true what you say, — I ought to have gone away. Had I known in time, I should have gone away ('Yes, it would have been right:' this in an undertone to Edith, who at these words had grasped his arm tighter); but such things are not done by rule. What can I do now? We love each other. If she is not rich she would be happy with me — not great, but happy; that's something! and near home, Lord Lindores! I don't stand upon any right I had to speak to her — perhaps I hadn't any right — I beg your pardon heartily, and I don't blame you for being angry."

Perhaps it was not wonderful that the father thus addressed, with his wife murmuring remonstrance behind him, and his daughter before him standing up in defiance at her lover's side, should have been exasperated beyond endurance. "Upon my soul!" he cried. He was not given to exclamations, but what can a man do? Then after a pause, — "That is kind," in his usual sharp tone, "very kind; you don't blame me! Perhaps, with so much sense at your command, you will approve of me before all's done. Edith, come away from that man's side — this instant!" he cried, losing his temper, and stamping his foot on the ground.

"Papa! no, oh no — I cannot. I have chosen him, and he has chosen —"

"Leave that man's side. Do you hear me? leave him, or —"

"Robert! Robert! and for God's sake, Edith, do what your father tells you. Mr. Erskine, you must not defy us."

"I will not leave John, mother; you

would not have left my father if you had been told —"

"I will have no altercation," said Lord Lindores. "I have nothing to say to you, Edith. Mr. Erskine, I hope, will leave my house when I tell him to do so."

"Certainly I will, — certainly! No, Edith darling, I cannot stay, — it is not possible. We don't give each other up for that; but your father has the best right in his own house —"

"Oh, this is insupportable. Your sentiments are too fine, Mr. Erskine of Dalrulzian; for a little bonnet laird, your magnanimity is princely. I have a right, have I, in my own —"

Here there suddenly came a lull upon the stormy scene, far more complete than when the wind falls at sea. The angry earl calmed down as never angry billows calmed. The pair of desperate lovers stole apart in a moment; the anxious, all-beseeching mother seated herself upon the nearest chair, and said something about the shortening of the days. This complete cessation of all disturbance was caused by the entrance of a portly figure carrying one lamp, followed by another slimmer one carrying a second. The butler's fine countenance was mildly illuminated by the light he carried. He gave a slight glance round him, with a serenity which made all these excited people shrink, in his indifferent and calmly superior vision. Imperturbable as a god, he proceeded to close the shutters and draw the curtains. John Erskine in the quiet took his leave like any ordinary guest.

The mine had exploded; the mines were exploding under all the ramparts. This was the night when Rintoul came home from his visit; and Lady Lindores looked forward to her son's composure of mind and manner, and that good sense which was his characteristic, and kept him in agreement with his father upon so many points on which she herself was apt to take different views. It was the only comfort she could think of. Edith would not appear at dinner at all; and her mother was doubly afraid now of the explanation of Carry's sentiments which she would have to give to her husband. But Rintoul, she felt with relief, would calm everything down. He would bring in a modifying influence of out-door life and unexaggerated sentiment. The commonplace, though it was one of the bitter-nesses of her life to recognize her son as its impersonification, is dearly welcome sometimes; and she looked forward to Rintoul's presence with the intensest re-

lief. She gave him a hint, when he arrived, of her wishes: "Occupy your father as much as you can," she said. "He has had several things to think of; try and put them out of his head to-night." "I think I can promise I will do that, mother," said Rintoul. The tone of his voice was changed somehow. She looked at him with a certain consternation. Was Saul also among the prophets? Had Rintoul something on his mind? But he bore his part at dinner like a man, and talked and told his stories of the world — those club anecdotes which please the men. It was only after she had left the dining-room that Rintoul fell silent for a little. But before his father could so much as begin to confide to him what had happened in the afternoon, Rintoul drew his chair close to the table, planted his elbow upon it to support himself, and looked steadily into his father's face. "I should like to talk to you, if you don't mind — about myself," he said.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE profoundest of the many wounds inflicted upon Lord Lindores, at this terrible period of his life, was that which he thus received at the hands of Rintoul: it was so altogether unexpected, so unlike anything that he had imagined of his son, so sudden, that it took away his breath. For the first moment he could not speak in the bitterness of his disappointment and outraged expectations. "You," he said at length, "Rintoul! I have been prepared for folly on the part of your sisters, but I have always felt I had a tower of strength in you."

"There is no difference in me," said Rintoul, "I should be just as ready to back you up about the girls as ever I was; but if you will recollect, I never said a word about myself. I consider it as our duty to look after the girls. For one thing, they are not so well qualified to judge for themselves. They see things all from one side. They don't know the world. I wouldn't let them sacrifice their prospects to a bit of silly sentiment; but I never said a word about myself. That's different. A man has a right to please himself as to who he's going to marry, if he marries at all. Most fellows don't marry at all — at least it's usual to say so; I don't know that it's true. If you'll remember, when you spoke to me of Lady Reseda, I never said anything one way or another. I have never committed myself. It has always been my determination in this respect to take my own way."

Lord Lindores was subdued by this calm speech. He was almost cowed by it. It was very different from Carry's tears, and even from Edith's impassioned defiance. Rintoul knew perfectly well what he was about. There was no excitement to speak of in his steady confidence in his own power. And his father knew very well that there was nothing to be done. A family scandal might indeed be made: a breach in their relations, — a quarrel which would amuse the world. He might withdraw Rintoul's allowance, or refuse to increase it, but this, though vexatious, was not in any way final; for the estates were all strictly entailed, and his heir would have little difficulty in procuring what money he needed. It was like fighting against a rock to struggle with Rintoul. When their father worked himself up into a rage, and launched sharp phrases at the girls, bitter cuts and slashes of satire and fierce denunciations, these weapons cut into their tender flesh like knives, and they writhed upon the point of the paternal spear. But Rintoul did not care. A certain amount of vituperation was inevitable, he knew, and he did not mind it. His father might "slang" him as much as he pleased; fierce words break no bones, and he knew exactly how far it could go. Lord Lindores also knew this, and it had the most curious composing and subduing effect upon him. What is the use of being angry, when the object of your anger does not care for it? There is no such conqueror of passion. If nobody cared, the hastiest temper would learn to amend itself. Lord Lindores was aware that Rintoul would hear him out to the end, — that he would never, so to speak, turn a hair, — that he would reply with perfect coolness, and remain entirely unmoved. It would be like kicking against a blank wall, — a child's foolish, instinctive paroxysm of passion. Therefore he was not violent with Rintoul, nor sharply satirical, except by moments. He did not appeal to his feelings, nor stand upon his own authority. If indeed he could not keep his exasperation out of his voice, nor conceal his annoyance, he did this only because he could not help it, not with any idea of influencing Rintoul. But it was indeed a very serious blow which he had received, — the most telling of all.

"After this," he said, "why should I go on struggling? What advantage will it be to me to change Lindores into a British peerage? I could not enjoy it long in the course of nature, nor could I

afford to enjoy it. And as for my son, he will have enough to do to get bread and butter for his numerous family. A season in town, and a seat in the House of Lords, will after this be perfectly out of the question."

"I suppose it's just as likely as not that the House of Lords will be abolished before my time," said Rintoul calmly, "at least they say so."

"They say d—d nonsense, sir," cried the earl, touched at his tenderest point. "The House of Lords will outlive you and half a hundred like you. They don't know Englishmen who say so. I had hoped to see my family advancing in power and influence. Here was poor Torrance's death, for instance, coming in providentially to make up for Edith's folly about Millefeurs." Here Lord Lindores made a little pause and looked at his son. He had, beyond expectation, made, he thought, an impression upon him. "Ah," he said, "I see, you forgot the Tinto influence. You thought it was all up with my claims when Millefeurs slipped through our fingers. On the contrary, I never felt so like attaining my point as now."

"That is not what I was thinking, father," said Rintoul, in a slightly broken voice. He had risen from his chair and walked to the window, and stood there, keeping his face averted as he spoke. "I cannot tell you," he said more earnestly, "the effect it has upon me when you speak of getting an advantage from—what has happened. Somehow it makes my blood run cold. I'd rather lose everything I have than profit by that—accident. I can't bear the idea. Besides," he added, recovering himself, "I wouldn't build so upon it, if I were you. It's all in Carry's hand, and Carry will like to have things her own way."

"This exhibition of sentiment in respect to Pat Torrance takes me altogether by surprise," said Lord Lindores. "I was not aware you had any such friendship for him. And as to Carry. Pooh! Carry has not got a way of her own."

This subject, though it was so painful to Rintoul, brought the conversation to an easier level. But when the young man had left him, Lord Lindores remained for a long time silent, with his head in his hands, and a bitterness of disappointment pervading his mind, which, if it had not a very exalted cause, was still as keen as any tragedy could require. He had let things go much as they would before he came to his kingdom; but when Providence, with that strange sweep of all that

stood before him, had cleared his way to greatness, he had sworn to himself that his children should all be made instrumental in bringing the old house out of its humble estate—that they should every one add a new honor to Lindores. Now he said to himself bitterly that it would have been as well if his brothers had lived,—if he had never known the thorns that stud a coronet. What had the family gained? His son would have been quite good enough for Nora Barrington if he had never been more than Robin Lindores; and John Erskine would have been no great match for his daughter, even in the old times. It would have been as well for them if no change had come upon the fortunes of the family,—if all had remained as when they were born. When he thought of it, there was a moment when he could have gnashed his teeth with rage and mortification. To have sworn like a trooper or wept like a woman, would have been some relief to his feelings; or even to clench his hands and his teeth, and stamp about the floor like a baffled villain on the stage. But he did not dare to relieve himself by any of these safety-valves of nature. He was too much afraid of himself to be melodramatic or hysterical. He sat and gnawed his nails, and devoured his own heart. His house seemed to be tumbling about his ears like a house of cards. Why should he take any further trouble about it? Neither money nor importance, nothing but love, save the mark! idiocy—the passing fancy of boys and girls. Probably they would all hate each other in a year or two, and then they would understand what their folly had done for them. He thought of this with a vindictive pleasure; but even of that indifferent satisfaction he could not be sure.

Meanwhile there was, as may easily be supposed, the greatest excitement in the house. Rintoul told his mother and sister, and was half angered by their sympathy. Edith, who was herself in great agitation, received the intimation with delight; but this delight was quite distasteful to her brother, who stopped her by a wrathful request to her not to think this was a nonsensical affair like her own. "I know what I'm about; but as for you, it is just a piece of idiocy," he said; at which poor Edith, aghast, retired into herself, wounded beyond description by this rejection of her sympathy. Having thus snubbed his sister, he defied the alarmed surprise and tempered disapprobation with which his mother heard his

story. "I know that you were never a very great friend to Nora," he said. "I suppose when another girl cuts out your own, you can't be expected to be quite just. But my father and I understand each other," said Rintoul. He went out after having thus mowed down the ranks on either side of him, in a not uncomfortable frame of mind, carrying with him, in order to post it with his own hand, the letter to Colonel Barrington, which he had informed his father had been written on the previous day. And this was quite true; but having written it, Rintoul had carefully reserved it till after his interview with his father. Had Lord Lindores been very violent, probably Colonel Barrington would not have had his letter: not that Rintoul would have given Nora up, but that he had, like most wise men, a strong faith in postponement. Wait a little and things will come right, was one of the chief articles of his creed; but as Lord Lindores — kept down by the certainty that there was very little to be made of Rintoul except by giving him his own way — had not been violent, the letter went without delay.

Thus, as it sometimes happens, the worst of the family misfortunes was the one that was condoned most easily; for certainly, in the matrimonial way, Rintoul's failure was the worst. Daughters come and daughters go — sometimes they add to the family prestige, sometimes they do the reverse; but at all events, they go, and add themselves to other families, and cease to be of primary importance as concerns their own. But the eldest son, the heir, is in a very different position. If he does nothing to enrich the race, or add honor to it, the family stock itself must suffer. Nora Barrington would bring some beauty with her to Lindores, but not even beauty of an out-of-the-way kind, — honest, innocent, straightforward, simple beauty, but no more, — and no connections to speak of; her uncle, the head of her family, being no more than a Devonshire M.P. This was very sad to think of. Rintoul, in his matter-of-fact way, felt it as much as any one. There were moments even when he seemed to himself to have been unfairly dealt with by Providence. He had not gone out of his way to seek this girl, — she had been put down before him; and it was hard that it should have so happened that one so little eligible should have been the one to catch his heart. But to do him justice, his heart being caught, he made no material resistance. He was entirely steadfast and

faithful to his own happiness, which was involved. But it did not occur to him as it might have done to a feeblar mind, that he was in any way disabled from opposing the unambitious match of his sister in consequence of the similar character of his own. He held to his formula with all the solidity of judgment which he had always shown. When his mother pointed out to him his inconsistency, he refused to see any inconsistency in it. "I never would, and never did, say anything as to myself. I never meant to give up my own freedom. The girls — that's quite different. It was your duty and my duty to do the best we could for the girls. I say now, a stop should be put to Edith. Erskine's a gentleman, but that's all you can say. She will never be anybody if she marries him; whereas, if she had not been a fool, what a far better thing for her to have had Millefleurs! I should put a stop to it without thinking twice; and I can't imagine what my father means not to do it." This was Rintoul's opinion upon his sister's affairs.

"And supposing Colonel Barrington had been of the same opinion in respect to Nora?" Lady Lindores said.

"In respect to Nora? I consider," said Rintoul, "that Nora is doing very well for herself. We are not rich, but the title always counts. A fellow can't shut his eyes. I know very well that there are a good many places where I — shouldn't have been turned away: though you don't think very much of me, mother. Colonel Barrington is not a fool; he knows Nora couldn't have been expected to do better. You see cleverness is not everything, mamma."

"I think you are very clever, Robin," his mother said, with a smile and a sigh — a sigh of wonder that *her* son (always such a mystery to a woman) should feel and talk and think so unlike herself; a smile that he should be so much justified in doing so, so successful in it. Both the smile and the sigh were full of wonder and of pain. But she was comforted to think that Rintoul at least was capable of something heavenly — of true love and disinterested affection. That was something, that was much, in the dearth of fame.

Thus Rintoul's marriage was consented to, while Edith's was first peremptorily denied, then grudgingly entertained, and made the subject of delays and procrastinations enough to have wearied out any pair of lovers. But they had various consolations and helps to support them, the chief of which was that they lived so near

each other, and were able to meet often, and talk over in infinite detail every step that was taken, and all the objections seen by others, and all the exquisite reasons in favor of their love which were known to themselves. And Lady Lindores was from the first upon their side, though she respected her husband's unwillingness to bestow his daughter so humbly. Carry was to her mother a standing admonition against any further weakness on this point. In every word and step by which the young widow showed her thankfulness for her deliverance, she struck with horror the fine sense of fitness and reverence which was in her mother's mind. Lady Lindores had not been false in the sentiments of pity and remorseful regret with which she had heard of the death of Torrance. There are some souls which are so finely poised that they cannot but answer to every natural claim, even when against themselves. Had she been Torrance's wife, all the privileges of freedom would not have emancipated her from that compassion for the man struck down in the midst of his life, which took almost the shape of tenderness and sorrow. And when Carry exulted, it gave her mother a pang with which her whole being shivered. God forbid that she should ever be instrumental in placing another creature in such a position as Carry's! She stood very gently but very firmly against her husband on Edith's behalf. She would not consent to interfere with the love and choice of her child.

Carry adopted her sister's cause with a still warmer devotion. She promised her support, her help in every possible manner, would have sanctioned an instant rebellious marriage, and settled half of her own large jointure upon Edith to justify the step, if she could have had her own way, and would scarcely listen to the suggestions of prudence. This nervous partisanship was not of any great advantage to the lovers, but still it gave them the consolation of sympathy. And by-and-by the whole county became aware of the struggle, and took sides with the warmest feeling. Old Sir James Montgomery, as everybody knows, had entertained other views; but when he heard of Nora's promotion, and of the position of affairs in general, his kind old heart was greatly moved. He went off instantly to talk over the matter with Miss Barbara Erskine at Dunearn, from whose house Nora had just departed. "To think that this should have been going on all the time, and you and me never the

wiser," the old general said, "the little cutty! But no doubt they were left in great tribulation as to what my lord the earl's majesty would say."

"Young persons have a great notion of themselves nowadays," said Miss Barbara; "they will not hear of advice from the like of you or me. Yet I think Nora might have said a word to an old friend. I am getting blind and doited. I never suspected anything. What my heart was set on was to get her for my nephew John."

"Just that," said Sir James, nodding his head; "that was my own idea. But you see John, he has chosen for himself — and a bonny creature too, if she is as good as she is bonny."

"I am not very fond of the family. What are they but strangers? My heart is most warm to them that I know," said Miss Barbara. But this was a very mild statement, and uttered with little vehemence, for Miss Barbara was not insensible to the pleasure of having an earl's daughter in the family. "There is no doubt about the beauty," she added, "and there's a great deal of good in her, from all I hear."

"With those eyes ye may be sure there's no harm," said Sir James, growing enthusiastic. "And I like the lad that had the sense to see what was in my little Nora. She'll make a bonny countess, and I wish she was here that I might give her a kiss and tell her so. But this Lady Edith is a bonny creature too; and as for Lord Lindores himself, he's no stranger, you know — he's just little Robby Lindores that both you and me mind. The one that has raised a prejudice, I make no doubt, is just that foreign wife of his —"

"She is not foreign that ever I heard."

"Well, well — maybe not according to the letter; but she has foreign ways, and without doubt it is her influence that has kept the family from settling down as we had a right to expect. My Lady Rintoul will set that right again. Bless me, who would have thought that little Nora — But we must let bygones be bygones, Miss Barbara. We must just stand up for the young couple, and defeat the machinations of the foreign wife."

Sir James laughed at this fine sentence of his; but yet he meant it. And even Miss Barbara agreed that this stranger woman was no doubt at the bottom of the mischief. When Sir James departed, the old lady felt herself nerved to a great exertion. By this time it was winter, and she went out but seldom, the pony-chaise

being a cold conveyance. But that night she electrified her household by ordering the "carriage"—the old carriage, never produced but on occasions of great solemnity—for the next day. "Where will ye be going?" Janet asked open-mouthed, after she had got over the shock of the announcement. But her mistress did not condescend to give her any answer. It was through Agnes, at a later hour, that information descended upon the household. "Sae far as I can make out, she is just going to Lindores to settle a' about thae two marriages," Agnes said in great excitement. "What two marriages? Ye think of nothing but marriages," said Janet. But nevertheless that excellent person was as much excited as any one when the huge vehicle drew up at the door next morning, and stood out in the rain to hear the orders which were given to the coachman. Agnes, seated within in attendance on her mistress, gave her a little nod with her eyelids, as much as to say, "Who's in the right now?" "To Lindores." "Bless me!" said Janet, "single women are aye so keen on that subject. They would ken better if they had ever had a man o' their ain."

And indeed Miss Barbara's magnificent intention was to make a proposal to Lord Lindores, which must, she could not doubt, make everything smooth. Lord Lindores was a gentleman, and took pains not to show the old lady, to whom the credit of the house of Dalrulzian was so dear, that he did not think the Erskines good enough to mate with his family: which was also a laudable exercise of discretion; for Miss Barbara was very strong in dates, and knew when the earldom of Lindores was founded, and who was the first of the family, as well as the exact period when the Erskines were settled at Dalrulzian. Lord Lindores forbore, partly out of good feeling, partly from alarm, and partly because Miss Barbara's offer was not one to be refused. If it should so happen that he might be compelled to give in, then the settlement upon Edith of Miss Barbara's fortune would make a very distinct difference in the case. He did not intend to give in, but still — The proposal was received with great politeness at least. "There are many things to be taken into consideration," he said. "I had other plans — you will excuse me if I cannot give up my intentions in a moment, because two

young people have chosen to fall in love with each other —" "It is what we all have to do, my lord," said Miss Barbara, who was old-fashioned, and gave every man his title. "It is the only thing, in my experience, that it is useless to fight against." Then Lord Lindores made her a fine bow, and declared that this was a most appropriate sentiment from a lady's lips; but a man must be excused if he took a graver view. There was a sharp accent in his voice which not all his politeness could quite disguise. "For my part," Miss Barbara said, "I have just had to swallow my own disappointment, and think nothing of it; for what I had set my heart upon was to wed my nephew John to Nora Barrington, that now it appears in the arrangements of Providence, is to be your lordship's daughter-in-law, my Lady Rintoul." Lord Lindores jumped up at this as if a knife had been put into him. He could scarcely trust himself to speak. "I can't allow it to be an arrangement of Providence," he cried bitterly, but recovered himself, and forced a smile upon his angry countenance, and assured Miss Barbara that her proposal was most generous. He gave her his arm to the drawing-room, in which Lady Lindores and Edith were sitting, and withdrew, with his face drawn into a certain wolfish expression which his wife was aware meant mischief, but without betraying himself in speech. When he got back to his library, he launched a private anathema at the "old witch" who had taken it upon herself to interfere. But nevertheless, in Lord Lindores's mind there arose the conviction that though he never would consent, yet if he did — why, that Miss Barbara and her proposal were worth making a note of: and he did so accordingly. Miss Barbara, on her part, left the castle half affronted, half mollified. She was angry that her proposal did not settle everything in a moment; but she was touched by the sweetness of Edith, and a little moved out of her prejudices in respect to Lady Lindores. "She has no foreign accent," she said suddenly, in the midst of the drive, to the astonishment of Agnes — "no more than any of us. And she has none of that sneering way, — my lord yonder, he just cannot contain himself for spite and ill-will — but I cannot see it in her. No doubt she's one of them that is everybody's body, and puts on a fine show — but nothing from the heart."

From The Month.

THE TEMPLES OF GIRGENTI.

As the sun was setting behind the Acropolis of Carthage we embarked at Goletta in a vessel bound for Girgenti, the captain of which intended to take in a cargo of sulphur at the latter port. Next morning we passed the island of Pantelaria, a convict station, where the Italian government keeps six or seven hundred of the worst assassins, who constitute the population of the island. The coast of Sicily was plainly visible, and at noon we could make out the town of Sciarra, at the foot of some hills, with numerous villages of fishermen along the coast. The sea was calm, the weather delightful, although it was the month of January, and the first view of Sicily was so charming, that one could hardly realize that it is a land so blighted by brigandage as to have almost lost its claim to rank amongst civilized countries.

On casting anchor at Port Empedocle, we found that it was too late to land, and as there was no inn at the port we were much better on board, for the captain had kindly given us his own cabin, and made us very comfortable. It was beginning, however, to blow pretty stiff from the direction of Africa, and the coast being much exposed, without a bay or harbor of any description, the captain was uneasy. During the night the wind fell off, and we landed soon after daybreak on a small stone pier, guarded by an Italian soldier, under the shadow of a ruined castle, from which Charles the Fifth had embarked for the conquest of Tunis, as recorded in an inscription over the gateway. As soon as we got clear of the custom-house officials, we were surrounded by a number of Sicilians, who seemed astonished that strangers should land at such a place as Empedocle, and followed us as we proceeded to an *osteria* in quest of mules. In less than half an hour the greater part of the population were discussing our business, many of them coming with friendly greetings, and apparently sympathizing with us in our distress, for there were neither carriages nor mules ever seen at Empedocle, and the road to Girgenti was a steep stony path over a belt of mountains, the distance being a little over three miles. There was, however, an abundance of donkeys, all coming into port with loads of sulphur, and my husband thought we could hire some to carry us to Girgenti. In this, nevertheless, we were utterly disappointed, for although we made liberal

offers to more than a dozen donkey-drivers, they all refused. Some said that their donkeys were too tired, having come some leagues with heavy loads of sulphur from the mines; others alleged that their contract with the shippers of sulphur would not allow them even to earn a napoleon in this way; and others told us that if we waited till next day they could take us, but not sooner.

Meantime Captain B. had gone to his consignee, procuring us a little donkey-cart, just big enough to carry our portmanteaus, the owner of which would act as our guide. While the cart was being got ready for the journey, we went to see the consignee's stores, which were cut out of the rock, all filled with sulphur. Fresh relays of donkeys were arriving, and the sulphur was piled in blocks to be ready for shipment. The atmosphere was redolent with the mineral, which gave an importance to the place, and the people looked as if they were well-fed and prosperous.

The donkey-cart was painted with scenes from Tasso's "*Gerusalemme Liberata*," each panel on the sides and back displaying some passage in which Tancred was cleaving Turks, or leading the Crusaders to victory. Even the donkey was decorated with ribands and rosettes. As we set out from Empedocle, we could see on the top of the mountain ridge the city of Girgenti, the wild grandeur of the scenery making us forget the toilsome march before us. The guide, a tall young mountaineer, resembling an Arab, told us he had been three years a soldier in Italy, and had recently returned to his native village, near Sciarra. He said the reason why so many donkey-drivers had refused to come with us was that the road was infested with brigands, who were usually shepherds unless when some travellers like ourselves presented a temptation too strong for them to resist. The road was tolerably good, but stony, and as we ascended the hill the long line of seacoast unfolded itself to our vision. Two Sicilian gentlemen coming down the mountain passed us, whom our guide saluted; one of them was a notary of Girgenti, with a rifle slung at his back, and both were mounted on fine donkeys. The day was now as hot as midsummer in England, but I hardly felt fatigue, our guide telling us so many stories about brigands, and telling us of what he had seen in Lombardy during his military service, and his views about the condition of Sicily.

We had got just half-way on our jour-

ney when a turn in the road brought us in view of a ruined castle standing about a hundred yards from the highway. Girgenti was so close that we could count the houses and hear the church-bells ring the hour of noon. The desolate country was left behind, and now there were vineyards, with small white cottages at intervals on the side of the hill. I proposed that we should visit the ruined tower, and overtake the donkey-cart by crossing the shoulder of the hill, for we could see the road beyond. The guide, however, told us to stay with him, for the locality was famous for bad people. At the same time we observed some men lying on the hillcock that overlooked the road, and another peeping out from the corner of the ruin, watching our approach. Our guide was unarmed, but my husband carried a revolver in his pocket, and we quietly followed the donkey-cart, as if suspecting no mischief, well knowing that the sight of our portmanteaus was a terrible *casus belli*, in the opinion of our guide, with too many of his countrymen. The poor fellow was really concerned about us, and I believe regretted that he had undertaken the job of seeing us safely to Girgenti.

On reaching the summit we passed within pistol-shot of the castle, but the men lying on the hillcock appeared to take no notice of us. Hardly had we passed when we observed a number of women, most of them seated, as if at a picnic. There must have been fully fifty persons about the ruin, on seeing whom our guide said they had evidently slaughtered a cow there, and the women had come from Girgenti to beg or buy the cheap parts of the carcass. At this point the road suddenly made a dip, and we found that a valley of some extent lay between us and the city. A stream, that might almost be called a river, was spanned by a neat stone bridge, on seeing which our guide said that we had now passed all danger, there being a picquet of carabineers at the bridge. Only six months previously one of the most notorious brigand chiefs in all Sicily had been shot at this bridge for the murder of Prince Genardo, a rich proprietor of Girgenti, whom the brigand had vainly endeavored to capture alive on this very spot, with the intention of keeping him for a ransom. So salutary was the effect of the execution, that our guide assured us no robbery had since taken place on the road, although many of the neighbors had an ill reputation. We had to pay toll at the bridge, but the carabineers did not ask to examine our luggage. The ascent

to Girgenti was the steepest and most difficult part of our journey, but the magnificent view that spread out at our feet well repaid the fatigue. After halting to rest for a few moments we proceeded to enter the city, the houses rising on either side abrupt and irregularly.

Narrow, crooked streets were as full of people as if a fair or holiday were going on. Dingy houses, utterly devoid of system, style, or method, had an air of poverty only relieved by the cheerful look of the inhabitants. We passed some churches with open squares in front, and one of them which we entered was finer than we could have expected. There were no cabs or carriages in the streets, but our guide knew a man who kept a species of landau for conveying travellers to the ruined temples, and we soon arranged with Signor Basilio to be ready in half an hour to take us thither. No one would suppose that the city is at all so ancient as it really is, for it was a flourishing place before the time of Hannibal. It suffered greatly in the Punic Wars, taken and retaken by Romans and Carthaginians, who sometimes massacred the citizens and planted colonies of their own instead. The Girgentians, of course, were Greeks, and sided by turns with one or other of the rival States, but seemed more friendly to the Carthaginians. In those days their city must have covered a much greater space than at present, probably reaching all the way to Empedocle and the seacoast. The philosopher Empedocles, who was himself a native of the place, said that his townsmen "built their houses as if they were to live forever, and feasted as if they were to die on the morrow."

The temples which are the glory of Girgenti stand about two miles from the city, close to the seashore, and the descent was so steep that we preferred to walk for some distance, following Basilio's carriage through intricate lanes with high walls, until we had almost reached the level of the plain.

No sooner had we got clear of the city than the temples and seacoast burst upon us in a picture of classical beauty that can never be forgotten. The Temple of Concord seemed as perfect as if a train of Greek worshippers might be expected to issue from its portico. The illusion of paganism revived might have been complete but for the shattered columns, broken pillars, and other remains of the surrounding temples. The best view of the whole group is from below, standing

near the edge of the sea, with your back to the line of coast, looking up towards the rock on which Girgenti is built. Mid-way the eye rests upon the glorious outline of the Temple of Concord, which looks similar to the pictures one sees of the Parthenon. What adds to the beauty of the scene are the deep blue of the Sicilian sky, the wild luxuriance of vines, Indian figs, and cactus growing around, and the utter desolation of the spot, for there are no houses, and one might say, no inhabitants. Basilio told us, however, that brigands often spent weeks in the ruins, when reposing after any excursion in other parts of the island.

The unfinished Temple of Jupiter is now no longer the masterpiece of pagan hands. After the Temple of Diana at Ephesus it had no rival, for according to the Anglo-Grecian traveller, Stuart, the height of the nave was eighteen feet more than that of St. Paul's, London, and the breadth two feet greater. Before the roof could be finished, the architect and the workmen retired, the worshippers fell away, and the name of Olympian Jupiter passed into the realms of fable. In all the remains and records of mythology there is nothing so forcibly illustrating the overthrow of false gods at the rise of the pure light of the Gospel, as the fragments of this unfinished temple. The building was three hundred and seventy feet long, with a *façade* of one hundred and eighty-three feet, and of such magnitude were the blocks that modern travellers have been puzzled to make out how some of them, weighing twenty tons each, were raised to a height of seventy feet. All was completed except the roof, for Diodorus even mentions a row of *atlantes*, or male statues, twenty-five feet in height, supporting the upper entablature. We had no difficulty in making our way to the ruined Temple of Esculapius, of which only three pillars remain, adjoining a site which is marked in the ancient maps as a fish-pond, but now a vineyard. From this spot we proceeded to the tomb of Theron, who was tyrant of Girgenti before the first Punic War. It seemed to us almost incredible that this heap of masonry can be certified as the tomb of a person who flourished twenty-four centuries ago, but when we saw the temples close by, which were unquestionably of the same period, we felt little disposed to be sceptical. Human nature was the same two thousand years ago as at present, and here among the rude Girgentians the grateful remembrance of Theron still survives, for

at least they can point out his grave, while they have forgotten the very name of Phalaris.

The two tyrants ruled within the same century, but Theron was just, humane and generous, while Phalaris was a monster of cruelty, as the story of his roasting a man in a brazen bull, and other exploits of the same kind remind us.

While we were resting at the tomb of Theron, two men rode by on donkeys, with guns strapped to their backs. They might have been brigands, but probably they were not. At all events, as evening was coming on, Basilio hinted that the sooner we got back to Girgenti the better, especially as we had to make a halt *en route* at the Temple of Juno. We found this by no means so well preserved as the Temple of Concord, to which otherwise it bore a striking resemblance. Both were of the Doric order, about one hundred and twenty feet long by fifty in breadth, and surrounded by a colonnade, with six pillars in front, and thirteen on each side. These temples were small compared with that of Jupiter, but eloquent proofs of the highly cultivated taste of the people who built them. That of Concord may remain as perfect two thousand years hence as it is to-day, carrying on to remote posterity the seal of Grecian art in the same way that the pages of Homer perpetuate the splendid genius of that people. The Greeks of Sicily were fully equal to the citizen of Athens or Lacedemon, and at one period Girgenti must have surpassed both those republics in taste and magnificence, for Pindar calls it *kallista broleon poleon*, "fairest of mortal cities."

There is still an instinct of refinement about the people, and the donkey carts, with painted panels of the siege of Troy or the Olympic games, show that the peasantry cherish the tradition of their Grecian origin, which neither Roman nor Carthaginian, Norman nor Saracen, Spanish nor Italian conqueror, has been able to extinguish.

M. MULHALL.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
FROM A GARRET.

At first sight the garret might not perhaps seem an attractive spot: it is dark, low, and quiet, with sundry corners, from which darkness is never absent, and where at twilight strange forms appear to loiter, as if they were emerging slowly and reluc-

tantly from the bosom of the past. It requires an adventurous soul to climb the worn steps that lead from the nursery floor, and a wary eye, else surely will your head come sharply against the rafters that are close above; and the stoutest heart quails a little as the owner leaves the light and noise and merriment of the household, and wanders up the staircase into what is essentially a museum of long-forgotten curiosities, a storehouse of long-dead days. It were best to come first to our garret just before the setting of the sun on some fair evening in late summer, and shutting the door as closely as the loosely falling latch will allow, draw up the old elbow-chair we love, and opening the stiff casement, warily lest we should shake out the diamond panes of glass, lean out just a little and look silently at the scene.

All round the garret window climbs the red virginian creeper, brought hither from the wife's old home, and tended with much care until it could fend for itself, and became quite a vast creeper, embellishing in less time than it took the eldest child to grow from long frocks into short ones, and then into long ones again, all the gable-end of the house, and peeping thus into the highest window, became one of the associations with the past with which the garret is crowded. Indeed, were it now left to its own devices, it would form a complete veil over our own window, which is often tapped at emphatically by its long tendrils as if they wanted to shelter from the wind outside; and many times have we snapped them off unconsciously, not seeing they had put their feelers in at the hinges. But we will not lose our sunset view, even to keep out the present day of rush and hurry; and so, like most other things, the creeper has to remain duly within bounds, at all events as long as we have the management of it.

It seems the first hint of the sunset in autumn with its glowing red and faded yellow and brown leaves, and instinctively makes us look towards the hills beyond the garden, where in autumn the heather looks like a pink veil thrown over the purple gloom that broods forever in the dips and hollows on the hillsides, and where even winter seems but as a sleeping beauty wrapped in gauzy mist, and waiting for that fairy prince the spring to step forth and give his magic kiss, so waking the earth forthwith and clothing it all swiftly in its flower-embroidered, wondrous bridal robe.

As we gaze at the sunset, now fantastically clothing the quiet pale grey stream in a saffron garment, now dressing the fleecy clouds in all the divers hues it borrows from the rainbow, an ineffable sensation of peace folds us gently in its arms, and we cease to feel conscious of the present, for we seem far away from all its carking care: for an hour at least life can run alone without us, and we are suspended motionless, while all else goes on beside us, leaving us entirely on one side.

It is in times like these that we have again communion with those who are no more with us; it is almost possible to feel that, brooding over the past, those inhabitants thereof who have departed and belong no more to the things of this life, can intangibly be again close beside us, and longing, as they must do ever, to communicate their experience and their thoughts to us who yet have mouths wherewith to repeat our words, come nearer and nearer in their anguish to have communion with us, and touch us with hands that only exist in their fancy, for they have long since fallen to dust and become things that are not.

It is not therefore on the living we would ponder in our garret, but on the dead—dead hours of happiness; dead ere we knew how sweet and dear they were; and on dead friends, upon whose graves we seem to be able to climb to higher things, far better than on our dead selves, whose various forms grow or alter, it seems to us, far more from others' examples or others' experiences than from our own. For is there not in our garret, safely locked away, a collection of letters which we have never yet had courage to look at since the day we nailed them down, laughing between ourselves at the number, and promising to read them together when old age sat between us by the fire-side, and, holding one of each our hands, make a bond that nothing save death himself should sunder, and then only for a little time?

But were we to open the box, what would not troop out! dead youth, laughter, song; aspirations never fulfilled, hopes disappointed, and prophecies of happiness, hideous now with the mockery of their unfulfilment: for old age never came to her, and she died; yet from our errors and mistakes did we who live here now not learn much, that renders life better because more full of work, than in those early days of dalliance in the rose-bound paths of love? We have never read over the letters, but we know each one well;

and 'tis difficult to realize that we who are more profoundly interested in the good wife's housekeeping efforts down-stairs, and in Jim's success at the examinations, than in aught beside, can have been the identical creature who once was the unassured lover of the wife who lies under her low cross, clasping our baby close to her childish breast. Sometimes we cannot think that this was so: we think of ourselves then as of some one we had read of and felt very, very sorry for; we, stout, middle-aged, and very happy with our surroundings, could not have been that lonely miserable mortal who came back, broken-hearted, leaving all he loved in life in the dear little churchyard, nestled down among the hills we loved, thinking that "we" were no more, and only a desolate "I" was existent to represent the household that was to have grown so rapidly and become full, as a nest is with birds. And sometimes when we wake at night with a shiver, dreaming of those days of dreadful darkness, we almost believe that the difference in the identity is such that a separate resurrection will be needed, and that we shall discover that the boy of then and the commonplace husband of the present were, and are, two entirely different folks. Yet then we feel whimsically jealous of the boy, and dare pursue that train of thought no farther, for we cannot tell where it may lead. But if those early days served as stepping-stones, how much more did the friendship of our later boyhood lead us on! She, too, rests below the hills whereon how often have we looked as we vainly talked about the great mystery that far too early was solved by her whom we loved. It is impossible, sitting here, with the gradual gloom closing round us in the silence of our garret, to believe that she lies out there in the darkness — she who was the only other who ever climbed to the garret, and needed no words to enter straight, unerring, ever sympathizing with the mood in which she would find us. It is far easier to put her chair in the old place, and from the shadows form once more the keen glance, the forcibly formed features, and hear, through the soft sighing of the wind, her voice going over and over the well-worn subjects of death, and the life beyond the grave. A restless and unsatisfied soul, too; clever and ardent, but a Pegasus chained to a domestic car, amply laden by her loved ones, but sufficient to keep her in the ruts that jarred her intensely, for she longed, more than she ever said, to be given voice to, and

wings that she might soar beyond the mere under-air of earth. But from her mistakes we learned to avoid pitfalls, and from her unselfish courage we could better appreciate the tender truth of woman-kind. She who was always talking of the mysteries of death has solved them, but is very, very silent. Yet we are almost sure that she does come, and would fain tell us all she knows, for it is in our garret that we ever think of her, and her presence among us seems always like some faint delicate perfume in old relics from a flower, and whose name even is forgotten and whose form is vanished; but yet is so sweet and so subtle that it remains, and makes whoever turns over the drawer about which the scent hangs, think insensibly of purity and loveliness, and late wanderings in gardens of long ago. Yet after all, though people die, things remain; ay, the things we have made ourselves, stay ironically looking down on their creators, lying dead and dumb below them. Death would not be half so dreadful were it less defenceless; did all the earthly surroundings vanish what time the poor possessor, once holding so much, now clasping nothing in his nerveless hands, was taken away in his coffin. But it may not be; and 'tis then our garret comes more than ever into use, for in our anguish we hurry the things so fearfully like to the possessor, who can possess no more, up here to be looked over, and apportioned when time shall give us strength to overlook them again. What wonder that the time never comes when we recollect that yonder modest trunk, labelled with evidences of the honeymoon tour, contains a soft white garment that was once a wedding dress. Ah! there is no length of life yet given to man that can dull the memories that lie sleeping in its folds. What number of days can obscure the remembrance of the talks about its purchase, the pros and cons of satin or muslin or silk talked of tremulously while her head was on my shoulder, and her hands, holding mine, turned and twisted my solitary ring as she coyly spoke of the day and asked seriously in which texture she should be clad, and which would please me best? Nay, were it shaken out, or used by others, or destroyed even, it would seem like desecrating her grave, and we leave the box unopened, and wonder, when we are gone, what will become of the dainty thing. Perhaps it may remain here for years, much as the old spinning-wheel has done: in its day it hummed busily enough, and turned out yards of wondrous

fine linen, in which members of our house yet die and sleep and are born. Yet when our youngest — bitten with the prevailing fever of the day — begged to have the poor thing polished and restored to the light of day, to stand in its old accustomed place and do no work, we would not have it so, feeling that, could it but speak, how it would surely protest at being dragged from its seclusion and forced to stand an idle mockery where it had once been a useful and honored member of the household. Yet the "youngest" is the only one who ever ventures near our garret, and who feels there somewhat of what we feel; and when she speaks not and nestles there beside the chair, an indescribable something draws away our thoughts to that other youngest child, and we almost believe the little life that was never lived by it was given to the daughter whose brown eyes and serious expression are not ours, but singularly like those other eyes that scarcely opened on the world it came only into to withdraw her mother from. It is singular for us to sit here in the sunset and to know how divers are our thoughts: the garret is the past, the present only to us; to us the sunset represents the bringer on of night, full of rest and possibilities of slumber; while to her it is a place of the dead, and the sunset is a wondrous foretaste of the dawning of another day — in which, as we gaze over the long red road over which so many of our dearest have been taken, and where we can only see long funeral trains, and only hear the sad boom of the bell in the square grey tower beyond the river, she smiles to herself as she sees in fancy the fairy prince come riding from the gaunt ruined castle between the hills, eager to claim the bride that gazes at him from the garret window. Her presence, intent as she is on a future, has not much in common with the dark rest and peace that are forever brooding o'er the garret; and, as with a smile she kisses and lightly leaves us, her footsteps growing lighter as she emerges from the gloom, it is easy to believe that the dwellers in the garret are relieved by her absence, and that they come nearer as night draws nigh, secure in their knowledge of a sympathetic presence being alone among them. And, indeed, it is well to have such a garret, for around its walls hang undisturbed pictures seen only by the possessor of them, and that if we had no garret for them to hang in would surely fade altogether beneath the garish light of day. But, for certain, it were not good to forget altogether the precious

jewelled days of youth and early middle life, and it is best sometimes to contemplate the time when the very air seemed intoxicating, and a summer's morning of beauty was as a gift direct from God. And so on the west wall of the garret hangs a picture of a summer morning on the river, and gazing thereon, at once comes back in an instant the scent of the distant hay, the regular swish of the scythe, and the curious soft grating feel of our boat, as with one vigorous stroke of the sculls we brought her into the bank, and in the deep shade, cast by meadow-sweet and willow-herb, and over that by a great elm, rest from our pleasant toil, and learn, by the help of summer, mysteries just faintly indicated by our favorite poets, whose secrets were no longer secrets, when pored over and discussed upon the river's placid breast. It is good to remember it all; to recollect the glance of the brilliant kingfisher, that we hold as an emblem of good luck, or to remember the wondrous hues of the dragon-fly as he sometimes pitched on the reeds or flowers above us and balanced himself just a moment there ere darting away again on another flight; or even again, to think over the scented silence of the summer night, when the nightingales were almost silent, yet sang once and again, when least expected, small snatches of their eternal melody; when the dew lay heavy on the path, and the flowers as we brushed by them almost drenched us with their cups over-full and flowing with moisture. But what did that matter? our fortunes were to be determined that night, and as we set our eggshells, lighted inside by miniature candles, floating down the tiny stream that farther on flowed into the broader river, we took small heed of all our surroundings in the anxiety of seeing how we should progress in our tiny voyage; and if we should float successfully onward, or else sink ignominiously into chaos, represented by the forget-me-nots and flowering rushes growing thickly in the streamlet. Yet when we look at our picture on our garret walls all comes back to us: the bark of a dog across the meadows, the grate of the heavy market carts groaning as they slowly rumbled up to town, and farther away yet, the song that one of our sisters sang as she tried to amuse the father, saying with a smile that she need not try her for true, for that was already settled.

It were easy now to see another picture — one of disappointment and despair; but surely 'tis best to contemplate yet an-

other, when we were older truly, but only just beginning to really live, and this has its own sounds of martial music; and we recollect the band playing in the valley while we climbed the hill and looked down on the great camp-fire, where the flames rushed and sprang from the darkness straight up into the clear autumnal sky. And then the music stopped. We heard the vast sea moaning on the shore below our feet, and looking seaward we saw come suddenly into the moonlight a great ship, outward bound, that passed away almost as suddenly into the shadows, causing us to think simultaneously of the shortness of this life of ours, and how we emerge but for a moment out of the gloom into the broad light of life, and then disappear into the darkness almost before our presence on the scene is recognized. Perchance the shortness of life made us ponder also on how best to dispose of the time we had. I know not; but somehow the beacon-hill became a sacred spot to us, and life after that one evening was never quite the same thing to either of us again.

It does not matter that it is dark outside our garret, for darkness and silence suit this resting-place best, and when we contemplate our pictures, aided thereby by the presence of the relics of the past, we cannot help feeling that with the outside world we have very little indeed to do. Folks may sneer at us, or talk of our little failings and peculiarities, and trouble may come, and friends may leave us, and nearer and dearer ties may, nay must, snap with the hand of time; yet it seems to us that fates may do their worst, if we may come at twilight, and with faith and hope and memory to serve as handmaidens, contemplate our past happiness, our present quiet pleasures, from a garret.

J. E. PANTON.

From The Spectator.

ENGLISH LONGEVITY.

MR. N. A. HUMPHREYS, in his paper on the decrease of mortality, read before the Statistical Society on the 17th inst., has done a considerable service to the public. With infinite care and painstaking, he has brought a mass of floating and vague opinion upon the subject of English health to the test of accurate statistics, and has told us exactly what modern hygiene has and has not done for Englishmen. In July, 1881, for example, writing

on an approaching Medical Congress, we mentioned the prevalent belief in the increase of longevity, and asked the European doctors to tell us how far it extended, and whether we really gained by it,—whether, that is, the young lived longer, or the mature, or the old. We ourselves suggested, as results of observation, that old age had grown stronger, the pantaloon stage of mumbling senility being now seldom seen, except among the over-worked poor; and that youth or ladhood was now protracted further into life. Men of twenty-eight are beginning, instead of men of twenty-four. Both those suggestions turn out to be accurate. Mr. Humphreys, who has even drawn up a new life table to compare with Dr. Farr's, shows that ever since 1872, when the first Public Health Act was passed, the longevity of the English people has sensibly increased. Whether from the operation of that act, or from the general attention to health which produced the act, or from an unobserved change in the ways of the people akin to the development of temperance now going on, or from one of those alterations in the virulence of disease which have repeatedly occurred in history, the mortality from epidemic diseases suddenly declined, till the mean mortality in England, which between 1838–54 had been 22·5 per thousand, dropped in 1876–80 to 20·8 and is dropping still, the mean death-rate of 1881–82 being only 19·3, a total improvement of very nearly one-seventh. This increased longevity is not, it is true, quite equally divided between the sexes. Owing to causes which are still only partially ascertained, but which probably have some relation to the extra liability of women during the child-bearing period of life, females benefit most by improved sanitary conditions, and the total progress effected may be broadly stated thus. Men live two years longer than they did thirty years ago, and women three years and four months longer, a difference, we need not say, quite large enough to be perceptible in human life. It is equivalent, if with Mr. Humphreys, we take forty years to be, roughly speaking, the usual term of life, to an improvement of six per cent., and would in a generation leave a country of thirty millions with two millions more people in it than it otherwise would have had. A population greater than that of Denmark would have been saved from perishing. Whether that addition to numbers is a good must, of course, depend upon a multiplicity of conditions. We have never ourselves been able to ac-

cept that rabbit-warren theory of national growth of which statisticians are so fond: do not believe that China is an ideal country; and contend that Canada is, or may be, a nobler, as well as happier, place than Belgium. Of the fact, however, as regards England there can be no reasonable doubt; and it is well that the fact, whatever it is worth, should be universally recognized. Our people tend more strongly year by year to keep alive.

This is the broad fact, but Mr. Humphreys adds details of the highest interest. Our suggestions, derived not from figures, but from observation, were, it appears, correct. The very old live longer, — that is, of course, they are, as we suggested, stronger, less liable to that senile feebleness and degeneracy which struck our ancestors as their natural condition. They decay, of course, and lose powers of all kinds, but they no longer sink into a second childhood; but, except when overworked, die, so to speak, standing, as only heroes used to do. We see men and women nowadays over eighty with all their faculties intact, able to converse, to eat well, and to walk, and with a decided and admitted influence on the affairs amidst which they live. This is the more striking, because the increased longevity of the very aged is not shared by the old. Both in men and women, the chance of survival between fifty-five and seventy has not increased, but has rather, if anything, declined. People of that age do not benefit so much by the reduced power of epidemics; they feel, unless exceptionally strong, the influences, such as sudden falls of temperature, over which science has little power, and they decidedly suffer from the increase of worry and anxiety which, among men and women with grown families, so markedly characterizes modern life. It is, however, in youth and early maturity that the improvement is most marked. The man's chance of life is increased most decidedly between five and thirty-five, and the woman's between five and fifty-five; and as, of course, great numbers, though not increased numbers, who reach those ages survive, Mr. Humphreys condenses extensive calculations into the following sentences: "Although a large proportion of young people cease to be dependent before twenty, and a large proportion of elderly persons do not become dependent at sixty, we shall not be far wrong in classing the forty years from twenty to sixty as the useful period of man's life. Table IX. shows us that of the 2,009 years added to the lives of

1,000 males by the reduction of the death-rate in 1876-80, no less than 1,407, or 70 per cent., are lived at the useful ages between twenty and sixty. Of the remainder of the increase, 445, or 22 per cent., are lived under twenty years; and 157, or 8 per cent., above sixty years. Thus, of the total increase, 70 per cent. is added to the useful, and 30 per cent. to what may be called the dependent-age periods. The increased number of years lived by 1,000 females, according to the rates of mortality that prevailed in 1876-80, is 3,405. Of these (see Table X.), 2,196, or 65 per cent., are lived at the useful ages between twenty and sixty; 517, or 15 per cent., under twenty years of age; and 692, or 20 per cent., over sixty years."

If, therefore, Mr. Humphreys's figures are correct — and there is every reason to believe them — the question we put in 1881 is finally answered, and answered in the affirmative. Hygienic progress, so far as it extinguishes or diminishes disease, does not merely lengthen life, which would be no boon, if the extension were confined to the Psalmist's period of "labor and sorrow;" but it increases efficiency. More youths live and more men and women in their prime, and youth and early maturity are less suddenly and frequently cut short. The reservoir of force in the nation is deepened as well as the reservoir of vitality, and a generation of the English people, taken as a whole, gains more time to do its work, whatever it may be. Three minutes for men and five minutes for women is added to every hour of their time on earth. That is most satisfactory, even to us, who see with a painful clearness to what extent crowding diminishes the happiness of life, and reduces it to a continuous struggle, for if effective vitality is increased, so also is the capacity for emigration. Moreover, Mr. Humphreys, adhering, like a true statistician, to his figures, might, had he wandered out of them, have indefinitely strengthened his case. An addition of six per cent. to the longevity, taking the sexes together, must mean a much greater addition to health. The epidemic disease kills fewer, because it attacks fewer, and strikes those it does attack more lightly, leaving fewer of those terrible sequelæ which interfere so deeply with human happiness. If scarlet fever kills fewer persons, it leaves fewer still with that liability to disease and incapacity to work, often for years on end, which attend a severe attack. We all saw this when small-pox passed away. The result of vaccination was not merely a dimin-

ished death-rate, but a diminished amount of blindness, ricketiness, and — for that also is an evil, often a torture — of artificial ugliness. The race is healthier in a proportion which the advocates of sanitation would do well to ascertain more definitely than they do; and a healthier race is a happier and a more energetic one. Whether it is a better one is not quite certain, the "pride of life," as we understand that phrase, having its own vices; but mental energy depends greatly on physical energy — great generals say dysentery extinguishes soldiers' courage, and certainly no man can be enterprising under a bilious attack — and that must be beneficial. Courage, endurance, cheerfulness, and resignation are all fostered by good health, as is also the charity which, though it often blossoms in the feeble, is seldom strong in those who suffer pain. Upon the whole, we can grant Mr. Humphreys the victory which he claims over the *Spectator* and his other opponents with hearty cordiality, and shall not be displeased if, twenty years hence, he proves that English life has increased ten years, and that all the increase has been to the benefit of early manhood. Science, if it is to science we owe the improvement, will in that direction have done much for mankind, to whom some of its gifts have not been unmitigated boons. We may set vaccination against dynamite, and greater longevity against the telegraph — greatest, perhaps, of thought-destroyers — and "on balance," as the City men say, concede that something has been acquired.

From The Economist.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

THE doubt as to the durability of the republic in France is producing such serious effects, not only in France, but in Europe, that it is well worth while to inquire once more whether any solid ground can be discerned for fear. In France itself the alarm, whether well grounded or the reverse, is unquestionably real. The educated of all classes state that they almost despair. They believe that nothing but the efforts of the few influential statesmen left prevent the Chamber from entering on a course of legislation which would dissolve all institutions, and allow the anarchical elements of society to come openly to the top. They say that Socialism is gaining ground in the cities, and that

every fresh ministry displays a stronger tendency to coquet with it. The moneyed men, with much more reason, are deploring the condition of the finances, which, they say, the Chamber will not allow to be put straight, are realizing their wealth in forms which will admit of its removal, and are restricting alike business and purchases, till the distress among the workmen grows politically dangerous. Outside France the belief grows so strong, that a coming revolution is made the foundation for grave international arrangements. An agreement for mutual defence has been made between Germany, Austria, and Italy, and alike in Berlin and Rome the statesmen confess that their motive is fear lest a monarchy should be set up in France, and should seek to strengthen itself by foreign war. Prince Bismarck makes it his first object to be well informed as to French affairs, and is usually, though not always, well served, and he makes no secret of his opinion that the reactionary revolution is very near at hand. The Italian government watches France with the eagerness of fear, and declares publicly that Italy is not safe from the hostility of French clerics without a close alliance with Germany. Finally, the French priesthood, who mingle in all societies and hear the secret minds of all classes, evidently believe that whatever may come the republic is about to pass away. These authorities may all be mistaken. Prince Bismarck despises republics too much to judge them; the Italians are too angry with events in north Africa to be reasonable; and the French priesthood has repeatedly shown as a body that it cannot thoroughly understand either the objects or the prejudices of the laity. Nevertheless, as all these acute observers are acting on their belief, it deserves attention, the more so because they all expect the new movement not from the people, but from the army. They all believe that the generals will, on any occurrence giving them a fair excuse, declare the republic impotent, and place some king, probably the Comte de Paris, on the throne.

It is probable that the discontent of the generals is real, and possible that they have some half-expressed understanding among themselves. The pacific tendency of the republic does not please them; they are hurt by the enfeebling of France, and they do not like to see civil government so completely in the ascendant. Though not attacked, they are conscious that they are objects of suspicion and dislike, and

they resent the loss of the military ascendancy amid which they have all been bred up since they quitted the military schools. Their discontent may have been expressed to each other, and if so, the strong feeling always manifest in France, that the army should act as a body, may have produced some understanding. This understanding need not, however, be formidable for the present. The generals, it is certain, have no candidate whom they care about; they have no immediate and producible grievance; and they are not likely to attack the republic openly and as such. They are not agreed enough for that; they desire exceedingly that the minister of war should be with them in whatever they do, which at present would not be the case, and they are by no means quite certain of the disposition of the troops. A majority, perhaps, especially of the Bretons, would obey any order, but a minority, including an unusual proportion of the non-commissioned officers, would not, and it is a first object to prevent any contest whatever among the wearers of uniforms. The history of the Spanish army is much better known to the higher French officers than to Englishmen in general, and that example is greatly dreaded. It is most unlikely, therefore, that the discontent should become active, unless it also seizes the people, and it is on their emotion that everything must in the last resort turn. If the peasantry fancy the republic a failure the army will act, and the only question is whether this is probable. On the surface it is not so, but we confess we think the Republicans have some ground for their uneasiness. The French as a people have always shown an excessive devotion to material interests, and are apt to think that any failure in their projects indicates a feeble or an ill-meaning government. They have not been pleased in this direction of late. Profits have not been large in any department of work, while in the wine-growing districts the losses have been severe. The financial panic caused by the crash of the Union Générale, and of a whole system of speculation, greatly affected the richer peasants and the saving townspeople, who, moreover, have been greatly annoyed by the project of conversion, which they look upon as repudiation of a debt contracted when France was in difficulties. They hold this debt, and the fact that France may save by the operation a million and a half a year seems to them no compensation for their own diminution of income, which, again, occurs just when they are

least able to bear it. They are, too, beginning to be alarmed by what they hear about finance in general, a fact shown by the disinclination to absorb the last issue of *rente*, and by the increasing pressure of taxation. France is spending, when all taxes are thrown together, thirty per cent. more than England; and although France is a rich country, still the taxation presses upon people at once poor and miserly, and is raised in addition to the heavy personal tax involved in the conscription, which now falls upon every one. Under these circumstances, any new tax would evoke bitter resentment; a new and heavy loan, which many consider indispensable, and which would send down *rente*, would be felt as a blow; and a short harvest would produce a dangerous amount of distress, and of regret for the more prosperous times of the empire, when the wealth of France was so steadily increased. Under such circumstances the opportunity of the generals might speedily arrive. It is in the economic situation that the danger arises, and we see no sign that the governments which rise and fall every day are able to meet this adequately. The ministers do not insist upon economy, but, on the contrary, ask the country to undertake new and considerable responsibilities, under the pretext of housing the artisans of Paris. The Chamber is not awake to the situation, but persists in voting fresh credits for unnecessary improvements, such as larger schoolhouses; while the people, though anxious for economy in the abstract, constantly press new demands upon their members, all of which mean expense. Searching retrenchment is held to be out of the question; new taxation will not be tried; and the great resource of conversion, in which reliance was placed, is mismanaged, partly through popular resistance, and partly through M. Tirard's misconception of the market. He has forgotten that no conversion reassures fundholders, unless they are satisfied it is final, and that four and one-half per cent. is visibly only a temporary arrangement. The resources of the French treasury are so great, and it has so many privileges to sell, especially to the railways, that the evil day may be postponed for a time; but the reckoning must come at last, and may produce a panic deep enough to be of political importance. Should it arrive, the peasantry will for a time be both discontented and disenchanted, will accuse their rulers of imbecility, and will submit to almost any change which does not mean a return to the old *régime*.